

# AMAZON QUARTERLY



volume 2  
issue 4

\$1.



AMAZON QUARTERLY IS VERY HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE THAT WE HAVE RECEIVED A \$1000 GRANT FOR WRITERS' AND ARTISTS' PAYMENTS FROM THE COORDINATING COUNCIL OF LITERARY MAGAZINES. EACH ISSUE WE WILL BE ABLE TO PAY \$250 FOR OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MAGAZINE BY WOMEN ARTISTS AND WRITERS. WE ESPECIALLY ENCOURAGE WOMEN WHO HAVE NOT PUBLISHED BEFORE TO SEND US YOUR WORK. ALL MANUSCRIPTS AND ART WORK MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. PLEASE ALLOW THREE MONTHS FOR ACCEPTANCE OR RETURN.

AMAZON QUARTERLY

BOX 434, WEST SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS 02144

Cheri Mahaffey



ROSE RIO Brazilian Rosewood 8 inches high 1972.

# AMAZON QUARTERLY

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Box 434, West Somerville, Massachusetts 02144

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## VOLUME TWO ISSUE FOUR

Editors: Gina and Laurel  
Poetry Editor: Audre Lorde  
Connections Staff: Pat Bass  
and Katie Missett

Send all correspondence to:  
AMAZON QUARTERLY  
Box 434  
W. Somerville, MA 02144

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## CONNECTIONS

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If you would like to contact women who share your interests, we will try to help. Send a brief description of yourself, your name, address, and your age (we can not accept anyone under legal age). Let us know if you want to meet women in your area, women anywhere living in communes, women in the arts, women with children, women just coming out, etc.--make up your own categories. Include \$1 plus a long self-addressed envelope with two 10-cent stamps. We will send you the next issue of Connections listing at least 100 other women's descriptions and requests.

Nearly 200 women have taken part in Connections so far. We hope those of you with a need for contacts with other women will participate in the next issue. Send your description-requests to us by September 1. Each issue is different, so some of you may want to insert your request several times.



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Many thanks to Katie and Patsy for a fine job on Connections, to Mary and Paula for their photographs in this issue, and to the donor who matched our matching grant, and to all who have contributed money to *Amazon Quarterly*.

# FROM US:

This issue of *AQ* is devoted to right-brain experiencing -- to realities other than the linear, logically predictable ones to which we ordinarily confine ourselves in order to act in our workaday world. The article beginning on p. 12, part 1 of a 2-part series on women and alternate codifications of reality by Gina, sets our course for Donna-Juana-Land. Many of the stories in this issue, too, bring us messages from beyond the limitations of left-brain logic. We hope you'll enjoy this journey and that some new possibilities will open for you along the way.

*AQ* is now embarking on her third year and we'd like to mark the occasion by remembering some of our original dreams for the magazine. In the first issue we said that *AQ* would be an exploration of female sensibility and we invited women to write not necessarily about lesbians, but about anything with a woman-loving-woman perspective. To quote,

*The important factor is that it be in some way a launching out from all that we as women have been before into something new and uncharted ...a voyage into the depths of your mind or a new connection you've discovered between something in your anthropology class and a book you were reading in herstory. Even science is not verboten.*

We said, then, that what we wanted was communication from lesbians who are consciously exploring new patterns in their lives. We called that first message from us "Frontiers", as we are pioneers, all of us, in learning to see and to act apart from the patriarchal patterning we've all been subject to.

For us, *AQ* has become much more than we could have imagined 2 years ago. We think all our dreams for it have been coming true and that the dream itself continues to expand. We would very much like to hear from women who've been reading *AQ* for some time now: has *AQ* opened up new frontiers for you? What have you especially liked (disliked)? What is your dream for the magazine? We'll print as many letters as will fit, next issue.

On to news. As forecast last issue, we have moved *AQ* to the Boston area. It was an incredible undertaking, but we are settled now and *AQ* (all her many boxes of supplies and equipment) is back together. We are sorry for this issue being late, and for our lag in answering correspondence. Thanks to all who've been patient on both counts.

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We'd like to mention, too, that the reason we moved from the West Coast is to create what is undoubtedly the first accredited Masters Degree program in lesbian studies. In the Fall, we will be teaching a year-long ovular in Contemporary Lesbian Culture at Goddard-Cambridge, and we invite any of our readers who may be interested to write them for a catalogue and course description. It's free from: Goddard-Cambridge, 5 Upland Road, Cambridge, MA, 02140. Applications are being accepted through August for the year beginning September, 1974. There are also many other fine ovulars in the Feminist Studies Program such as Women and Literature, Women's History, Women and Psychology, etc. The result of any of these, including lesbian culture, would be a master's degree in Feminist Studies.

Also, another scoop. We've a friend in California who has just bought a 40-acre paradise of wooded hills about an hour north of San Francisco. She is looking for other women with money and/or skills to make her dream of a women's retreat come true. Women who wish to get actively involved can write to AQ and we'll pass on your letters. There are other similar opportunities listed in Connections -- please see p. 2 for information on how to participate.

We are happy to announce that AQ has received a \$1000 grant for the next year's artists' and writers' awards. That's \$250 for each issue -- five times what we have been able to offer. Our need is greatest for in-depth essays, researched articles, and visual art. Artists can send photos of their work instead of the originals. We also would like to receive womens' record reviews in the hopes of establishing a column. Please understand that we won't have time for personal critiques on everyone's work. We read and appreciate all the art and writing which women send.

AQ is growing up to 5,000 copies per issue. This is a big leap and we ask all of you who possibly can to give a gift subscription or to interest a bookstore in ordering so we can actually distribute and pay for what we've printed. Be sure to see the information about FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS on p. 49. The big bite that inflation is taking out of our subscription price makes it essential to keep growing -- spread the word about AQ. And a warm heart-felt thank you to all of you who have loved and supported us through *Amazon Quarterly's* first two years.



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# riverfinger women

FROM ELANA NACHMAN'S NEW NOVEL PUBLISHED BY DAUGHTERS, INC.

SEE THE REVIEW ON P. 41.

"Once upon a time there was a wonderful bear, named Lucy. She lived in the deep magic forest, on the other side of Talking River. What made Lucy wonderful was not only how strong she was, not only how beautiful--all gold and orange colored in the early sun--but how kind she was, gentle with all the other animals in that forest no man has ever found. She never ate fish the way bears in the world do, she would sing duets with them instead as they swam along Talking River. She helped the bees scout for good clover, and had learned the secret bee dance, so she could tell them where it was. The bees rewarded her by giving her all the honey she needed, which she would eat along with all the other wonderful berries that grew all year long. But there weren't many other animals her size in that place, so she grew lonely and restless. One day the River noticed that she was singing fewer and fewer duets, and peering farther and farther over the River's edge.

"What are you looking for, Lucy?" the River asked.

"I'm looking for someone big enough to dance with me," she said. "I'm thinking of crossing to find others more like myself."

"Oh no, Lucy!" the River cried. "There are dangerous men on the other side, who will capture you and dress you in ridiculous skirts and charge a price for your dancing and make you eat flesh, and keep you locked up for their own amusement--either that, or they'll shoot you outright."



"'But there must be another kind of people besides these men.'

"'There is. There is another kind that walks, called women, but they're mostly afraid--afraid of each other and the men and of what the men tell them. Among them there are some who aren't afraid, who are trying to know something different, but they are outlaws and in hiding. One, called Rainbo Woman, is heading this way alone. Wait for her to come.'

"'Okay,' said Lucy. So she waited, and began dancing the bee dance again, to pass the time."

"Will she have to wait a long time, for Rainbo Woman to come?" asked Inez, rubbing Abby's neck with her nose.

"I don't know yet. Stop that, it tickles, bum," Abby said.

"And when Rainbo Woman comes, will she turn Lucy Bear into a beautiful woman, will they live happily ever after?"

"Well, now, kid, I don't rightly know. You're getting ahead of the story. Maybe Lucy Bear will turn Rainbo Woman into Rainbo Bear, and they'll spend the rest of their nights growling at each other, their stomachs full of blueberries."

Abby turns to look at Inez in the Colorado street light, in their first apartment, a two-room converted attic. Peggy Warren sleeps in the other room, which is also the kitchen. Inez is curled on her side, cuddled into the hollow of Abby's thin arm, looking up. They fit. Seventeen, eighteen, thin to fat, not self-conscious, pleased to be there, seam against seam. Their hands trace each other, begin to touch as leaves touch in first summer winds. Unbelievable. All the forces of civilization had worked against this, still it happened. They made love again that day, the last time before falling asleep. They had the freedom to touch while they were still children. No one had given them permission. They just made it all up, taking their freedom with their hands in front.

There was nothing in either of them that was older than seven, except that they knew how to do it, finally, after five weeks they had figured one hold from another. There were no movements putting pressure on their consciences, only safety in being two together. There was only the fairytale, being seventeen and sleeping in each other's arms in Colorado. These small protections they wove like nets, to keep away what they understood perfectly.

They understood perfectly about names and rumors, psychiatrists and angry father, perverts, rotten ungrateful selfish vain children, disgust and fear, more fear, self-hatred, confusion, no women will let us babysit for their children if they find out.

They were beginning to learn to protect themselves by never touching or looking at each other in public. By waiting until they got into gas station restrooms when they wanted to kiss each other. By calling themselves roommates. By watching other people very carefully. By being children only together, in their first double-bed. Sometimes they were open with Peggy, who never told them until three years later that she was jealous, for wanting to join them.

Abby accepted it, because it was safe and at the same time exciting, a

little dangerous--she knew it felt good, and she wanted it. She was very stubborn about what she wanted, when she was positive that she wanted it.

She had been stubborn with her parents for two years now about her independence. About not going to a Long Island suburban high school anymore after tenth grade. Her mother had screamed and cried, and her father had consoled her mother by sending Abby away to boarding school--first to an experimental school in the South which Abby had hated almost as much as the suburban one, and then to Highland Hills in Massachusetts, where she met Peggy and Inez. She was also stubborn with her parents about not taking any more money from them, except for school. She was stubborn to be on her own, to start really running, to build muscles at least eight ways. The plans for the octagonal cabin she was going to build in the wilderness were all drawn up, down to even which way the doors would slide. There would be room in her life to travel cross-country on horseback, and there would be room for horses to live inside her cabin in the cold mountain winters. She would take care of all the animals that would come to her, and she wouldn't bother with people.

Back on Long Island her family was saying: She'll grow out of it. It's a phase. So we spoiled her a little, because she was our youngest daughter, we let her be a tomboy, and she got a little willful. But she's young still, there's plenty of time for her to get married, like her sisters.

Whether or not they'd drag her back if they learned about Inez, about what was going on, was a question Abby was not about to risk answering.

She knew better than to trust almost anyone. She almost knew better than to trust Inez. What she saw was that Inez was a little crazy. Many a woman has been a sucker for that one. Feeling protective. If only you would stop looking at your eyes reflected in windows, if only you would be happy, Inez, and ride horseback across country with me. We could take care of stray animals together.

Abby picked up worms so they wouldn't get run over in the middle of the street. She began to see Inez the same way she saw her cat, or the horses in her fantasies. To have that feeling about Inez, that she needed and would simply accept protection, returning simple sexual affection, was to come very close to trust.

Still Abby wasn't sure. What is this sex and living together? What is going on here? She knew it wasn't wrong, it couldn't be wrong, to feel this. But what do the words mean anyway.

She knew that she would not let Inez hurt her, that no human being would get that close to her. She knew people wielded power over each other, seeing how her mother and father, good middle-class Jewish people, controlled each other with the power to make each other miserable. She saw all people trying to get that edge, parents over children, teachers over students, bosses over workers, lovers over lovers. She didn't understand why it was, but she knew she did not want it. She would go alone into the mountains first, with her camera, and be with the animals.

Inez heard Abby when she said, "I don't like people, I am better company for just myself, I'd rather be a hermit." But Inez knew that she could get

Abby to follow her, just the same.

There are powers, there are ways, and Inez knew about them. Guiltily she extended a paw towards Abby, saying: I too am a creature, I am a wounded creature, nurture me. There was just enough attraction in their bodies and confusion in their heads to bind them.

A thousand fantasies multiply in that feeling--of marriages, weddings, houses hung with ribbons of safety. Abby was the first person who didn't hurt Inez--didn't make her feel freakish and clumsy. Inez knew what that meant, what the game was, how you had to hold on to it, opportunity only knocks once, she had read about it in books, she had read a lot of books, now it was her turn to play, to use her real body as a marker in the game. It would be good, it would be gentle, it would be so tender that they could make a movie, and get someone else to play her part (who wasn't quite so heavy). They could make a movie about Inez and Abby, so that people would see that lesbians are beautiful, there is nothing, nothing at all unnatural about them, they too can have weddings and be in the movies.

Some pornographic novel! Some novel! What's going on here anyway? Where's the sex, where's the action, the angst?

Let me try to make it clear. In 1967 we still wanted to repeat the same straight story. But we knew even then, in our careful duplications (toasters, laundry, feeding the cats, a whole inventory of living together), that we were pornographic because we were both women.

Nothing else--we were too modern already to believe that one of us was the man and the other was the woman. We felt like neither men nor women. We were females, we were queers ("but I'm not a lesbian," Abby said in Colorado, "I just love you, Inny."). We knew we had the right to love whomever we loved--it was part of the amorphous thought of a sexual revolution we found ourselves in the middle of. It was very democratic, theoretical, and very very personal. And we knew that when we made the movie about how good it was, how after all lesbians could live normal lives, have jobs, go to college, how they were the same, the same, really the same as straight people, only they were both women, but that was just--an accident--a matter of--chemistry--we knew that when men came to see the movie we would make, the men would come because it was pornographic, that's all, baby, sinful, immoral and certainly absurd, for women to think they could do it without them.

Let me try to make it clear. There is Inez. There is Abby. They became lovers when they were seventeen. This is the story of what it means to be women and lovers when you are seventeen, with the years just behind (moving them toward it), and the years just ahead, with everyone waiting to say, uh-huh, just as we thought!

There is Peggy Warren. She is smuggling hash from Tangiers, accumulating a thousand tattooed stories behind her eyes like veils that keep even her old friends away. She's been sleeping with every kind of man there is, sadists, baby pimps and North Pole engineers. She comes to speak about heroin and the (real) 42nd Street porno trade, massage parlors and organized

crime. She is an old friend of Abby and Inez.

There are all the places where these stories touch each other and make the start of a common life, the beginning of an idea about community. There are all the places where the story falls apart and something else shows through--an isolation, a terror, a hunger to shape that isolation and terror into some kind of love for ourselves.

A hunger for each other, two hungers, three: one out of fear; one for metamorphosis (to be girls no longer, to be women, and serious); one for actual love, whatever it is. There is a first powerfulness in knowing what our hungers are, that they may not be taken from us and sold by Tampax or Pepsi-Cola.

When you're talking about someone's body, that's about as close as you can get. This is how it worked in our bodies, how our hungers worked into our bones. There was authority at every pressure point, trying to direct us (for our own good). We fought back with fads that nearly killed us. And slowly in our bodies words grew, formed a strength against both the fads and the pressures of our mentors.

We thought we were very special then, we thought we were hot shit, for being perfectly existentially unique, reading all the books by men about ultimate aloneness and the isolation of mass man.

We were exactly like millions and millions of others in the sixties and seventies and long before and after, self-important with big words like alienation and technological elite. It's the same story for every girl and boy adolescent who knuckled under waves of words they couldn't own: sexual revolution and hard rock and LSD. We were scraped along the sharp stones of those, where the undertow dragged us.

But in being faceless unmentionable nameless lesbians, unapproved by Ann Landers or Jerry Rubin, in being unable to find catch words in newspapers or the books we read in our dormitories, for that, for what that meant, women loving women--in that we could have no fads. That was where some of us began our resistance, learned to change (acid on stone) who we thought we were doomed to be into who we are. Tough, strong, proud: free women.

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#### SUMMER/1974 AMAZON QUARTERLY AWARDS

Diane Derrick will receive \$50 for her contributions to this issue in sculpture and fiction. \$25 will go to Maud Haimson for her story, "Hands." Our five fine poets will receive \$5 each as a token of our appreciation. Though we have just \$100 for awards this issue, beginning with our next issue we will have \$250. We hope this will be an incentive for new women artists and writers. We would especially like to encourage women to send us in-depth essays and visual art, as our need is greatest in these areas. See the inside front cover for details.

here is the attic room  
where i sat in my borrowed dress  
winding my fingers round old bones

here my skin first opened  
drank the flowers dying on the wall  
like a desert drinks the rain

By Martha Courtot

here the coffin-closet  
where my father's clothes hung  
empty as eggshells

years after we left him  
in the happy ground  
his smell stayed on

on summer nights the trains cried  
my ears grew sounds only this room knows

i used to run my hand  
along the window sill  
look, i can still scrape the dirt from my fingers

i have made myself  
out of pieces  
no one else was using

a scrap here  
a scrap there  
sew sew

mother to myself  
my own god  
i blew life into found bones

between beats in the blood  
the attic breathes and pauses  
as if it knows the real me

it thinks someday i will come home

but i know this:  
i'll never climb those stairs again

a piece here  
a piece there  
sew sew

# ROSY RIGHTBRAIN'S EXORCISM/INVOCATION

(by gina)

(part one)

The perceptions recorded here are paths I've been exploring the last two years. I started this writing wanting to share my feelings about the patriarchal art world and my alternative visions for the meanings and uses of art--but I'm finding even that large subject too narrow, I'm finding it impossible to separate art and life even for the sake of the conventions of essay-writing. For a compelling but as yet unknown-to-me reason, I've found myself going back before "history" to the first matriarchal cultures, reconstructing the time from then to now like no history book I've ever read. Sometimes I think I'm a feminist herstory, chronicling the inner events of the last 5,000 years. Sometimes I'm a mapmaker, scribbling diagrams of states of consciousness and labeling the parts. Sometimes I feel I'm a brave and lonely pioneer at unknown frontiers--just as often I'm sure everything I may have to say is already perfectly obvious to the women I want to reach--or complete gibberish of no use to anyone but me.

Always though, I have a sense of the personal importance of this writing for me. I'm trying to give myself (and in the process other women) a positive valuable definition of art. My artist-self has been in limbo the last two years (with rare exceptions like the day before an issue of AQ goes to the printer and she has no cover), because of the morass of lies and schemes called Art by the patriarchal cultures we live in all over the world. I know, and other women know, that art can be a real power for change. We know that art is not fame or status or precious objects or museums or galleries or even paint or paper or clay or a video camera. But when we women try to practice art as we know it, we work in the midst of the patriarchy's rot, and by not articulating our own definitions we fall into theirs.

In the coming women's culture, that fantasy of fantasies, when the left hand moves everywhere openly, when the full moon shines bright as the sun on our days, when every particle of white = right = male = good  
black left female bad has been burned out of all our genes by our growing insistence on a consciousness based on multiplicity (yes/and) rather than duplicity (either/or), when we as a planet live cooperatively without the patriarchal tools of war, money, governments, racism, family and religious systems, etc., when each of us can live her life with as many options as we each can imagine--in that woman-centered culture there will be no art. We will say, as the Balinese did before the American tourist industry discovered their culture, "We have no art. We do everything the best we can." Our buildings will be designed not by architects in the service of land development corporations but by those who will use the buildings, who can integrate aesthetic, utilitarian and economic concerns according to their own needs. Our children will grow

up in many different environments and will be free to choose those environments. We will all finally be in control of our own lives in a world of our own making--our lives will be our art, and time the medium for our constant individual and collective creation.

I spend whole days, when I can find them, and many nights, dreaming the world into a woman-place: I dismantle cities and remake them according to the maps of our body systems; I imagine what a thousand years of women's research in the healing arts could produce; I wonder at the meanings sexuality will take, freed from male influence. I live on this vision. I need this vision, in all its complexity and detail, just to get out of bed some mornings--yet I don't mean to imply that I see the new world-wide matriarchy around the corner, or even that I see it as inevitable. Just possible, if the boys don't manage to destroy the planet along the way. We need to shift sometimes to a several-thousand-year perspective to find such large-scale hope. Three thousand years from now the lives of all the earth's peoples may have changed so drastically that no one reciting herstory will think in terms of a past "women's" revolution. Women may not be considered a separate group of people. Women may be the only people. The world transformation may be understood as: those who loved life grew strong and multiplied and squeezed out of existence, sometimes patiently and sometimes by force, those who love death and tried to spread it everywhere. That's 3,000 years in the future--for now, we women need to keep in mind who the death-lovers are. Since men's objectification and ownership of women set the precedent for all other forms of ownership, we must peel back and expose that first layer of deceit, at its most personal and most public level, to make any basic change in the world.

If we look back four or five thousand years we can see that although women were originally the artful ones, there was no "art" until the advent of the world patriarchy. In the old matriarchal cultures, aesthetic, spiritual, sensual and practical ways of perceiving the world had not yet been separated and labeled, so it was possible for a visit to the community spring, for example, to be a daily chore, a social event, an aesthetic and sensual pleasure, and an experience of spiritual affirmation, all at once. (Think of doing these all at once: turning on the tap in your apartment, being baptised in a religious ceremony, looking at a public fountain, picnicking with friends at a beach or lake.) "Pre-historic" women were the first to use agriculture, weaving, pottery, architecture, all "art" forms more valued for the activity involved in their production and for their use in everyday life than for their existence as objects. If I slip inside the body of one of these ancient women, I notice immediate and welcome changes. I'm aware of the earth beneath my feet and the clay in my hands as part of my body. Everything I come in contact with is alive, so my attention takes in every detail with respect and alertness--an alertness free, now, from fearfulness, because I feel strong familiar communication with this clay and all the spirits of this place. Energy flows freely through my body, down my legs grounding me in the earth, and sparks out my fingertips making a dance with the half-formed clay bowl. My attention is unfocused, not fixed any

one place, so I can believe at once in the bowl as porridge container and as a tool for channeling spiritual power, and I'm open to whatever new meanings may become possible. I'm relaxed, calm, and whirling in the dance.

I've described what I'll call this woman's body state--the organization of energies in her body as she molds the clay. Energy in her body is free more than blocked, and is being contained, channeled into her movements and intense attention-style, rather than being expressed as emotion. Other body states can be very different--energy could be caught in parts of her body, blocking certain movements and emotions and freeing others, as it would be if she were frightened. Or energy could flow more openly than it was when she made the bowl, as it would if she were making love with her sister cave-woman--lots of free energy, being expressed in feelings and movements rather than contained.

Did the "pre-historic" woman don that particular body state in order to make a beautiful and useful clay bowl, or did she make the bowl because the process of making it enabled her to enter that enjoyable body state? Can you believe this question is repeated over and over again, these days, by artists and art patrons and art teachers and feminist artists? Product vs. process. Chicken vs. egg--the assumption that one or the other had to come first has created a lot of problems. The idea of cause and effect has had its uses--it built Western civilization\* but, like that venture, it oversimplifies, separates, imposes hierarchy, where there should be connecting interdependent living networks. It's true that the creative process is the means for materializing the important part, the work of art. And it's true that the work of art is simply an excuse for the artist to experiment with body states for the sake of her own transformations. A body state doesn't cause a work of art, or an orgasm, nor does the art or the orgasm cause a certain body state--they are equally cause and effect to each other, dancing together in simultaneous communication.

### The Takeover:

I want to describe now how men came to hate women, and how they took over the world. As I separate men and women so quickly into air-tight boxes, I am aware it doesn't work exactly that way. I know there are racial, cultural, class differences and more, that allow for some women sometimes not to be oppressed by all men, some men to in some ways not oppress all women, etc. blah blah blah. For me, the generalities hold true enough to use. When I say "men" I most mean white men in Western cultures as they've evolved the last 3,000 years, with white men in contemporary American culture being technologically the most extreme examples. Men of other races and non-Western cultures have evolved in similar directions, sometimes to more barbaric woman-hating extremes than Americans (i.e. the Moslem countries), and sometimes to ways of perceiving that are very like women's ways (i.e.

\*Many people's guess is that men's discovery of paternity was the single most helpful impetus to the patriarchal revolution, for obvious reasons. Such a discovery was likely to make men want to remember the value in assigning cause and effect.



some native American cultures). We women, too, find ourselves in many different contexts--white Western women being closest in patterns of perceiving to white men.

*I don't like the way I'm writing this. I'm bored. I apologize a lot, I get bogged down in peripheral explanations. Everything I want to say is if not factual, at least straightforward and pseudo-factual--so why this big bog, why can't I just state the primordial case, from point to point, and go on toward the twentieth century? Yes, why not? In my efforts not to distort through simplification (which I can see has happened anyway just by using language), I'm making a sticky mess of this essay. The usual way in writing of this sort is to tie in each new subject of inquiry as it's mentioned; it's like making a wall of building blocks, each one added, one at a time, to form part of the very solid whole. Instead I'm weaving an airy shawl, picking up some threads and letting others hang loose, making a pattern that won't be visible til the end--maybe not even then--and that in any case will let the wind blow through.*

The most crucial--and still inaccessible by way of fact--stage in our evolution was the development of female and male. Why those particular forms? Why such built-in assymetry and impossibility for equality? I'm assuming Eve and Adam did not spring fig-leaf-covered from the garden, that there is substance and truth in the older myths of gods birthing children parthenogenically, that once we were all mothers. How we got to be two sexes I won't even guess, but by the time we were, the struggles of the next many millenia were outlined before us.

A reduction of female and male genitals to their simplest symbols shows the basic fact of a woman's sexual identity to be a circle--man's, a line. The circle and the line imply differences in ways of perceiving--cyclical, inclusive, vs. aggressive, fragmenting--that reflect the history and future of women and men on the planet. On the concrete level of sexual relations between women and men, the same patterns hold--i.e. no matter how loving, sensitive and knowledgable a woman and man are as lovers, the woman still opens herself physically to the man in a way he can not be open to her, and he still comes into her in a way she can't reciprocate. And that's under the best conditions. What is more apparent in the lives of most women is that a woman's pleasure or even consent is not necessary to the hetero-sex act, while a man's pleasure defines the act. And then there's rape--a violation not physically possible for a woman to commit. Violence and conquest are always basic components of male sexuality in patriarchal cultures.

In the same way that rape, man's model for action in the world, has a basis in anatomy, so the fact of women as bearers of children is a basis for man's jealous hatred of women and his attempts to control living creatures and processes by killing them. Women were the focus of the old matriarchal cultures because they were the ones who kept human life coming. Since women had this intimate connection with the birthing of all living beings, and since they were connected still further by their cycles of miraculously pain-

less bleeding to the moon, the tides, the earth's cycles of growth and rest, women knew what to do. They raised the children, planted and tended the crops, decided the cycles of the community, sang the prayers. Men did not create life and had no noticable cycles, except the daily one, synchronizing them with the earth's movements. (Researchers are only in the last few years beginning to wonder about men's biological cycles, and haven't yet found much.) Men hunted--killing was easier for them, distanced as they were from the processes of life.

The situation of men throughout the matriarchal time was shaky, from the men's point of view. Women accepted men in the usually ambivalent but nevertheless real way a mother can accept a son--but men couldn't have a mother's perspective, and came to experience women as fundamentally different from themselves. Here was the beginning of womb-envy. Here was the start of men's fears that they may not be necessary, and the basis of men's gut-level panic at exclusively women-loving-women. Here was the start of the evolution into patriarchy.

Men's separation of women into an "other" apart from themselves made ownership possible and murder justifiable, and set the precedent for the dualistic thinking that's become a basic assumption everywhere, even in me as I write this. At first women were probably "different" but not "inferior" in men's eyes--but after many hundreds of years and lots of male bonding (consciousness-raising groups, they may have called them), all the qualities men valued or wanted lined up under the heading "good," and women and all the men's fears were sorted over to "evil." Valerie Solanas has described this process as the incomplete male's attempt to become female (complete) "by claiming as his own all female characteristics--emotional strength and independence, assertiveness, courage, integrity, intensity, etc.--and projecting onto women all male traits--vanity, frivolity, triviality, weakness, etc."

*I'm feeling better about the writing of this now, staying interested, but why is it that the two times (several days ago, and now) I've had anything to drink I haven't found a way to go on writing? It's all so very abstract and emotionless, so very left-brained. I want this article to include all of the process I go through in writing it--all the despair and ecstatic vision, the boredom blocking fears, the fears themselves and then the vision again behind the fears. And the frustration and wailing anger and screaming pain at being conscious, in this world, now. And my fumbling artist-self, so sensitive to criticism I want to apologize beforehand, and so sensitive, just so sensitive, I feel like I've never been touched and I'm not sure whether I want this to be a first invitation. And the wise lean Amazon I am who can say "This is how it was 5,000 years ago, I feel it in my blood and that is proof enough." I know that if I include all the parts of me I will have included parts of all of us, and what I say will be true. The times I lean toward the linear, the parts of this I try to "prove," are indications both of my own unfinished struggles with patriarchal values and my attempts to reach other trapped sisters half-way, with a pick and a flashlight for*

the tunnel.

The evolution of the white man's brain is one level at which it's possible to describe the ways of experiencing men developed and how they differ from women's ways. I can't guess at the timing of this evolution--whether men's brains were structured as they are now at the beginning of the patriarchy, or whether men's ways of thinking, have only recently, in the last 3,000 years, created neuro-physiological correlates. What matters is not cause and effect but the connection and interdependence of these evolving processes.

The cerebral cortex of the brain is divided into two hemispheres, left and right, which are joined by a thick bundle of nerve fibers called the corpus callosum. The left and right hemispheres, in white men more than anyone else, each deal with information in different ways, and specialize in certain functions. The left hemisphere processes information sequentially, as if moving along a straight line, one point at a time. It deals with "objective" facts--ordered lists, analytic thinking, objects that are one thing and therefore not another. In men, the left hemisphere is the only one to use language. The left side of the brain controls the right side of the body. The right hemisphere deals with experience in a diffuse non-sequential way, assimilating many different phenomena simultaneously, finding connections between separate bits of information and organizing them in loose, changeable ways. Awareness of our bodies, recognition of faces, understanding of art and music, dreams and "extra-sensory" perception all are based in the right hemisphere. The right hemisphere controls the left side of the body.

So dualism resides in the very brain. The ways of perceiving that came to be grouped in the left hemisphere are the tools men used to take control of the planet. Linear thinking, focused narrowly enough to squeeze out human or emotional considerations, enabled men to kill (people, animals, plants, natural processes) with free consciences. Propositional thinking enabled men to ignore the principles of morality inherent in all the earth's systems, and to set up instead their own version of right and wrong which they could believe as long as its logic was internally consistent. The initiation of hierarchy, a concept with its basis in analytic thinking, was a valuable tool in centralizing power and building up the new military states. All ways of perceiving that threatened the logical ways with other realities were grouped together on the other (right) side of the brain and labeled "bad."

The separation of "good" and "bad" qualities into left and right sides of the brain, and the universally constant valuation of qualities, can be seen in every patriarchal culture through its attitudes toward left and right-handedness--the left hand representing the right hemisphere and the right hand the left side of the cortex. In a semantic differential test given to American college freshmen and sophomores (Osgood, Suci, Tannenbaum, 1957) the left was strongly characterized as bad, dark, profane, female, unclean, night, west, curved, limp, homosexual, weak, mysterious, low, ugly, black,

incorrect and deathly, while the Right was rated (by a different group) to be all the opposite qualities--male, erect, heterosexual, white, etc. The same associations hold for every culture. Women among the Bedouin Arabs live on the left side of the tent because they are bad; the men are good so they live on the right side of the tent. American Indian sign language uses the left hand for concepts like "weak" and "cowardly." Many Hindus still follow the custom of using the right hand to touch the body above the navel, the left hand only below the navel. The prevalence of right-handedness itself is a sign of the success of patriarchal enculturation, as genetically the chances for either side to be dominant are equal (Hildreth 1949). During wars and depressions, when the patriarchy's power is less secure than at other times, the percentage of left-handers increases (from 5.7 between 1929 and 1931 to 17.64 for 1932, for example--New York Times, 1959).

Only right-handed people are used in studies of left-right specialization in the brain, because the results don't hold for left-handers. Some left-handers have the same pattern of specialization as right-handers; some show a complete reversal in brain function; and some don't show bilateral specialization at all, but use both hemispheres for music, both for language, etc.

Children don't develop brain specialization til they are around five years old--the age of accountability, of the separation of fact and intuition, the beginning of guilt. Women develop some specialization but retain the use of language in both hemispheres, and can switch to using the other hemisphere if tissue in one is destroyed. Much of the research on specialization of the hemispheres has been done with people who, because of accident or disease, have had tissue removed from one hemisphere or the other. Women messed up the statistics for many years (til someone thought to sort the results by sex) by relearning to speak after tissue was removed from the left hemisphere, or showing unimpaired aesthetic judgment after surgery involving the right hemisphere. Women have thicker corpus callosums than men--many more nerve fibers connecting the two hemispheres and thus more communication possible between them. Girls show positive correlation between their levels of artistic interest and competence on tests of verbal ability, whereas boys show no correlations between artistic and verbal areas. Black and other non-white men show brain patterns similar to all women's, with less specialization than white men and readier access to both hemispheres.

The possibility for overthrow of the patriarchal world lies in the fact that women (and children, Blacks, etc.) did not become the Man's image of them, though they/we were and are forced to masquerade as that image, and many times must believe it's real in order to survive. As we break through or sneak around the social strictures against using our left hemisphere's ways of thinking we are able to become, not men, but complete beings--women --able to use the capabilities we've had all along but haven't been able to admit to.

Many men's worst fantasy about the women's movement is that women will gain power by becoming just like men, and will create a society in which men will be treated as women are now. This is as good an example as any of the

infuriating egomania of left-hemisphere perceiving. The left hemisphere's ways typify the constricted ego, the insistent "I" all the patriarchy's religions have tried to dissolve in the cosmic sea, or merge with the Atman, or at least control and humanize with rules about helping one's neighbors (not that religions in the patriarchy have not had more malevolent roles than this to play). Women have a basically different sense of self from men because even when we use left hemisphere ways of perceiving we are not balanced there, as men (with some variations) are--we balance in the movements from one state of consciousness to another, we balance when we glimpse more than one reality at once. We women can think in the ways men-in-the-patriarchy do, but we can't get stuck there--we are able to calculate the making of a hydrogen bomb, but can sense enough of the living world at the same time to decide not to.

When I started reading about the brain, I found the right-handed, adult white male brain pattern of extreme bilateral specialization always described as the universal human brain function pattern. In the beginning years of brain hemisphere research, neurologists believed the right hemisphere to be something of a spare, or space-filler. They eventually found it had uses, and labeled it the "minor" hemisphere, the left being "major"--labels that are still used in a lot of writing about the brain.

I finally did find studies (or rather Laurel did--credit for finding all this brain information goes to her) that admitted to differences in brain function between men and women, white and Black people, etc. Every one of the studies concluded from its data that women were inferior to men, Blacks were inferior to whites. One commonly used test situation that I especially liked for its ridiculous Freudian humor was a dark empty room lit only by a fluorescent rod attached to an armature. Subjects were instructed to enter the room and grasp the rod, placing it vertically in front of them. Males generally caught on to this sooner than females--the males showed "better visuo-spatial ability than females" according to the test results. I.Q. tests designed to measure specialization of thought and white middle-class values, and at which Black children average lower scores than white children, are used as evidence that Black brains function in a way inferior to white brains. The rationale researchers use is that the white male's specialization permits him to concentrate on just one subject at a time, and thus give greater energy to it--women's and Black people's brains tend to expend electrical energy in several areas at once, and one area of energy detracts from another in the same hemisphere.

One assumption implicit here is that our brains have available a finite amount of energy for use at any one time. Another is that specialization is always best. The white male very specialized brain is the evolutionary latest, as is the newest ABM system and the DDT-resistant cockroach. The men running this world imagine an evolution ever onward, precise and straight ahead into the pure abstraction of death.

#### Patriarchal Body States:

The highly specialized and alienating pattern of brain function character-

*continued on pg. 67*



MA HO Mahogany 8" 1973.

# THE PREOCCUPATION

by DIANE DERRICK

Initially she had considered it a spiritual boil, later a canker of the soul. Anyway, it had commenced as an irritation, a slight or some type of forgotten minor annoyance, a yellowing bruise, except that, obviously, it was far from minor or it could never have developed in that way. But, for all the glittering spoils of her later recall, the triggering cause lay buried under well-trod repressive layers. The spoils sufficed of themselves, rich in understanding and through understanding glimmered a superiority over the original petty quirk and later, transferred and spread to include almost the entire universe.

It had appeared early one evening after supper, as her bored, tired eyes buffeted about the vacuity of the room. It was there, hugging the corner. Unable to quite define it she approached, scuffed it with her toe, reached down, picked it up, scrutinized it carefully like a dust ball hiding a nest of roaches and dismissed the runty specimen as a trick of her fatigued vision. But the following evening it was again in the same corner, even though she was sure she had previously tossed it with the trash. However, on closer inspection, it appeared a degree larger than formerly and exuded a pitiful saddening quality. Deliberately she wrapped it in newspaper and buried it in the garbage.

On the third evening as she bent down to swat it with the broom, it turned doleful, pinched eyes upward as it reached out to cling at her ankles. The broom fell flat as she grabbed the soft claws and bringing it to eye level, gazed fully into its exposed docility--a penetrating moment for both. Instinctively she pressed the hard pit to the cleft between her breasts, where it instantly fell asleep.

A sparkle glimpsed her eye and her lips unexpectedly cracked a modest smile as she settled into her maple rocker and timidly felt it all over and actually lost herself for hours that evening petting it until at last it ceased to fuss on awakening and lay snugly content nestled in her arms. She tickled part of it with her little finger and a drop of inky purple liquid spilled from a tiny crack. Gently, she wiped the stain with a tissue and stroked the area. Its transparent exterior gradually shaded an opaque mauve. In bed she held the tad close to her and by morning it had grown molded by her contours, squeezed upward through pliable folds toward her chin, spread wide underneath her cups according to the rolls of her belly. It conformed in such agreement that as she dressed for work she blushed with a shy pride enjoying such rare flattery.

It squirmed and wriggled on her pillow and she felt guilty leaving and



paced the room several times and attempted several more abortive starts before bolting the door behind her. And the day frayed raggedly with too many cups of coffee and too many traffic jams and a stale crumb bun, and an extraordinarily long line at the bank, and a refused refund for either cash or merchandise, and a missed lunch, and a misplaced file, and too many errors, and too much noise and a constant draft down her back, and a water-main break and a subway delay, and a ticket for jay-walking, and the market just closed, and a broken heel on her own front stoop. But, as the tumbler turned in the lock, inside the door it readied itself for the leap into her arms and for the first time she could remember, the flushed rage drained from her pores as she bounced it light-heartedly and truly felt she was home. And each evening frisked similarly and each day she anticipated returning home to cuddle and play with the fat, healthy nit. And its hide smoothed and its color brightened and it continued to grow.

Parting grew increasingly painful each succeeding morning. It grunted and belched and hung to her, and rode on her shoulders as she carried it about the room while they inspected the philodendron and fern, fingered bureau tops for soot, tussled making the bed and half-tidying the dishes and then she rocked it, humming, softly singing until it fell asleep and then carefully she lay it on her pillow, covered it with a down comforter and tip-toed to the door where, with a shriek and a scramble, it would be crawling up her back to attach itself to her shoulders and burrow into her hair and stifle her thoughts. At last she would forcefully extricate herself to rush from the room, slam the door and as tears welled, scuttle blindly downstairs, dash to the subway, finally, to arrive late at the office and in a low mood.

The obsessive thoughts of her dear lonely waif dwindled her office efficiency so that Personnel found it expedient to rotate her to a less pressurized desk, and her co-workers sprouted alarm. In the lavatory, they twined about her garbling the injustice of her transfer, the impersonality of Personnel and the need not to worry because a replacement had not yet been hired for her old job. However, they noticed the catastrophe did not appear to alarm her nor even, apparently, slightly faze her. So each one, unobtrusively, inspected her reflection in the mirror for some distress sign and then directed their quips after the haze clouding her stare. The fat Girl with fluffy flaming hair and magenta-rimmed lips nudged the Girl of the clear plastic spike heels and twittered something about a lover. The middle-aged Girl with thick lenses and a tubercular husband asked, as she placed a sisterly arm about her shoulders, if there was trouble at home.

She vaguely heard the remarks and questions and knew she could never discuss her change and realized she was now of another world from theirs and was unable even to fathom it herself. It was deeper or more grand or different or subtler or rootier, anyway, she itched with an awareness of having been, at least, almost, Chosen. They could never comprehend it. It was inside and they were retreating beyond her span. So she looked through the window and answered not thinking of the words as they formed her explanation.

The Girls, who had assumed she held them all as confidants, were not



happy and all prattled to each other how they were just trying to be understanding. And as she walked back to her desk They stayed at the basins and talked among themselves and from then on concentrated pointedly on her movements. She seemed oblivious. After two days they glowered hostility and when she failed to respond to that and continued to stare out into a void and refused to lunch with them on Friday, they knotted themselves into a tight welt of hate and procrastinated the time calculating her galloping downfall.

And she sat in the midst of the conspiracy thinking of her own sweet love at home.

The day before her vacation not one of the Girls spoke or asked where she was going, or wished her a good time, or even expressed a false sympathy over her final rotation to the typing pool. And she did not notice the slights, but arranged her new desk neatly and left the office at five o'clock without even a goodbye.

\* \* \* \*

All this while her shadowing protege had fattened and toughened and spawned tiny configurations circumventing its entire hide: lavender spikes extended above its eyes and its underbelly jiggled encased by a dark wavering border of blue. At 5:36 as she turned the knob, it had already amassed its bulk before the entrance and squeezed about her warm and sticky sweet. She spread her arms wide to scoop up as much as possible, murmuring, "There, there, it's all right now," and began examining its new boils developed during the day.

For a week they frolicked in the park. Each morning, after toast and coffee, she laboriously lifted it to the maple bureau from which, as she turned herself, bracing her bent legs and supporting an arm against the door jamb, it combined its own slithering leap to land weightily on the small of her back. And after slipping to the floor and missing the second leap with a thud, they at last victoriously became one and thus affixed, proceeded the seven long blocks.

The sun, outside air and exercise relaxed its growth at an even greater rate and eventually it matched her body like a lead filled plaster cast and then its inflating weight gradually forced her to her knees and then, to a final half.

They retired permanently to her room.

She telephoned for deliveries and continued to pet it and coddle it as it mushroomed, filling not only its side of the bed, but hers as well. And soon there was no indication from its gigantic form that it had ever developed from her. It was bulbous as rampant tumors, its coloring had flamed almost the entire spectrum of vibrating clashing hues. The blotches of color changed randomly as did its form, so that if she commenced to doze sitting on the floor leaning against the mattress, her arms reaching around it as far as possible, it would suddenly erupt a great violet bulge bashing her shoulder into what seemed a splintered fracture or spraining her neck until

she would be unable to hold her head erect.

Nor did its growth subside, but energy particles coaxed others, reproducing their like with such rapidity that she could see that her room would soon no longer hold either of them. The floor boards creaked and bowed and tiny cascades of plaster periodically poured from deepening fissures. The filth and stench mounted as rapidly as her free space shrank. It would splurt a great slobber at her to be hugged and she, confined within its plasmodium, would meekly gasp for her strangling breath and wait for the wave to subside.

So, from inseminated shy vanity her attitude matured to an acceptance of her Cross. And she met this serious responsibility with a renewed activity and quiet enthusiasm: in reality it had become a terrific burden, carbuncled, gnawing, ever-demanding and if she failed to immediately satisfy its mean cravings, it would rear back its great hump and knock her chin and wrench her abdominal muscles by its fury as well as dislodge more stresses and gouge more holes through the composition walls. When she was not administering to its whims, she lay exhausted wherever a speck of room remained momentarily free from its encroaching blubber. She was semi-crippled, mentally feebling, growing weaker and weaker. Nor had she noticed that the two weeks vacation had long ago elapsed, nor had she attended to the jangling phone, nor was she aware that it rang more and more infrequently until, it perpetuated silence. She no longer called for deliveries but reflexively placed bits of stale crackers, debris or dust balls--whatever her nervous fingers contacted--to her mouth, swallowing the matter whole. It grew regardless of diet.

But it no longer seemed aware of her presence. It reared and groaned and pounded and thumped until she could hear downstairs' neighbors retaliate with broom handles prodding the ceiling. One day the landlord croaked through the key hole that she was evicted and whatever she was carrying on had better get out quick or the police would do it for her! In fright it backed against a window, shattering the pane into the street. The landlord's boots resounded thumping downstairs and, it seemed to her, immediately return duplicated and with the other, even coarser tone, brackishly chorus the demand to open up!

After a moment of hollow silence she heard the scratching pickings of a pass key in the lock.

She pulled at her useless legs, wedging herself between the walls and its ubiquitous block, never ceasing to massage its crusted welts, whispering and soothing it. And as she lay, a memory trickled through her dim brain of the freedom she had had when she had been alone, she sensed it like seeing through the transparent barriers of a carnival glass house. For a moment before crumbling, she felt the panicked impulse to bash her head through the mockery. The great lump belched an opaque film across her vision and she struggled against her weariness to comfort the hulk. It was her Cross, it was her Cross she inwardly echoed. She painfully released her right wrist from a roll of fibrous membrane and gently kissed a great festering throbbing wart.



APPLE MARY Apple 10" 1972.



## A STORY ——— by susan griffin

This is a story about two women who love each other. The beginning of the story is not just one beginning but two. Two women were born. They were born and lived each for twenty-eight years before they met, one wearing a beautiful pea-coat, the other in a white neck brace. Or rather, one writing poetry and reading it to everyone, the other writing poetry and folding it into a small square and putting it in her pocket. You could say that the one thought she loved the other more than the other loved her. Or rather that the other loved also a man and was not sure who she loved more, or rather who she wanted to be with. Or rather you could say that they loved each other equally, but one, or rather, both, did not believe the love was there. Or rather the one thought she was needed and so she served and believed that was why the other spoke of love. Or you could even say she never believed anyone loved her. And that might have been said about the other too, only she did know, because she felt happy at times, that there was love between the two. The question with her was more that she wanted all the love because she thought if the other gave away too much love in other places to other people there would not be enough left. And really, what she was sure she knew was that if the other ever got far enough away to love someone else she most certainly would prefer that other person, and then, she would go away. Well, anyway, in the midst of all this fear of the one and the indecision of the other, they became twenty-nine and then they became thirty and they still lived in the same house and they still loved each other but they did not make love. That is they did not touch each other on the breasts or the vagina but only slept near one another or curled up together or stroked their heads, or rubbed their backs, or held one another, or kissed goodbye and in the morning. These things they did but it was what they did not do that made the one upset. Upset and angry and hurt and all those feelings. And the other felt bad, bad for causing the hurt, and the other felt anyway that she was always causing hurt, just by existing, or by sitting down and putting her feet on the ottoman. For instance, the one who wore the beautiful pea coat and stuffed her poems in her pocket and did not want to make love would always take care of the other. The other was sick for a long while. And for instance, the caring one would say, to give an example which is very exaggerated but shows the point, "I am sorry that I cannot carry you up the stairs." And at first the other was very touched that the one would even want to carry her up the stairs

but she said, "First, I am too heavy for you, and second, I can walk up the stairs myself." And this went on, this very conversation, for a while. But gradually the conversation changed and it became like this, "Really, I can't carry you up the stairs, I'm so tired." And then the other would say, "I never asked you to." And finally the one who didn't ask began to believe she had asked and decided she had to prove that she had offered to carry the other up the stairs, or at least would if she could, only everyone knew she had a weak back. And there were other conversations of a different and of the same nature. And both women worked very hard to show that each was good herself, and each woman felt each herself that she herself was very selfish. But there was a truth apart from the feelings and that major problem. was that the woman with the pea coat, though she did not carry the talkative poet up the stairs, did nearly everything else for her. And all the other could do was to say thank you or occasionally to loan the caring woman money. This she herself felt was very cheap since she knew there was no reason but luck that she had the money to loan or to give. But the caring woman felt guilty about the money. And in any case it was true that there was no comparison between money and caring. And the one who had been sick felt guilty. And so, she tried to give love. And this was only partly accepted, not in the sense of making love, but in the sense of belief. And in addition, the sick woman could not really accept the caring woman's care. She would at first pretend she did not need the care, and then if she asked for the care, did so in a tone of voice implying that the caring woman did not want to give care. You can see that nothing in this story is simple. You can see that but you must also begin to be suspecting the outcome. More and more, as the sickness and the caring went on, the two women felt selfish inside. Finally, they gave each other as much pain as they did love. And the one who wore the neck brace would say to the caring one, "You should not feel guilty," and then later she would say, "Last night I was sick and you did not know." And she would also say, "I think you should not make love to me if you do not want to but I think you should make love to me." And she would also say, "You should not always do what you should but do what you want." As you can see the one was very confused. And the other, for her part, would say, "You should not be afraid that I will leave you because if you keep on acting afraid, I will leave you." And the other would also say, "You are always acting so fair; you are always acting so self-righteous." But if the one became then unfair, or angry, or even nasty, the other would say, "You'll be sorry," and she would walk out the door. This went on and on in between what the one still remembers as tenderness and love and joy until one night the conversation repeated itself again and the one with the folded up poems left the house again. And she did not come back. And the truth is that she may never have come back because the truth is that she wanted to die. And by this, the other was frightened almost to death. And this then is the ending of one story about the two and also the beginning of two more stories, as only time will tell.

## THE POET AS LIZZIE BORDEN

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My mother,  
whose ears are purely ornamental  
thinks poets are something like  
overgrown parakeets,  
unfit to hunt their own dinners  
too dainty to swallow anything  
larger than a barleycorn  
or stray syllable.

We who dance to these tuneless rhythms  
are better informed.  
A sentence can frag you,  
each word, like splinters of a guava bomb,  
can shatter a rib on entering  
and tear off a shoulder on the other side.

My hands shake with the day's exertion.  
They seem to be clean.  
A lie. I can show you  
castrated corpses,  
blood-soaked towels burnt  
under a wienie roast,  
strangled babies  
hastily crammed into dustbins,  
raped men in prisons, women on highways,  
aged gardeners shot down over cabbages,  
strangers' bones and more:  
the severed heads of family and friends.  
My own breasts covered  
with cigarette burns.

My gentleness is mere restraint.  
I lock myself at home  
and hide the whiskey and the knives  
to keep from acting out a poem.

## READING AT THE VILLAGE GATE

I said, as I walked to the ferry,  
clutching a briefcase jammed up with papers,  
I don't want to go to Manhattan.  
I don't want to read my poetry tonight.  
This one was written to shove in a shoebox,  
and that one, for posthumous publication  
on the back of a corn flakes box.  
I wrote the other to recite on Ground Hog Day  
at four a.m. in Battery Park.

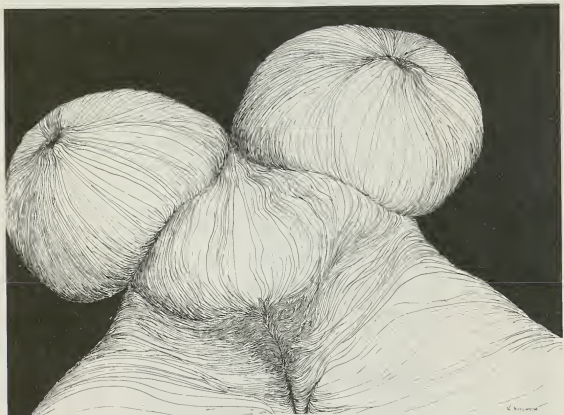
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y

The first row of the audience  
will be filled with Medusas  
who talk like Louise Day Hicks;  
the twenty men seated behind them  
resemble Lon Chaney  
and work for the C.I.A.  
The rest of the seats will be filled  
with young men from the Bronx,  
maybe the Savage Nomads, or the Skulls.  
Finally, in the rear,  
the single reporter assigned to review us:  
an elderly fellow from the Ukrainian Daily,  
whose English would improve  
if he got a new hearing aid battery.

My lover has a black belt in karate.  
She came along, she said, to wipe up tomato.  
Gee thanks, I said,  
as she rumbled me for luck.

The mob was worse than I thought.  
The Gate was wall-to-wall with drunken dykes.  
They booed some woman who sang a tender lyric  
to her man  
and cheered each time I said, "lesbian."  
A world of words -- they wanted only one.

I was lousy in bed that night  
because they smashed a dream,  
a spark that someone tended  
over twenty centuries of stake and ducking stool.  
I wish they'd tried to smash my face instead.



*by Kaymarion*



# hands

by Maud Haimson

The woman was walking along the shore, just walking while the waves beat half quietly and half unsure on the sand, catching up pieces of foam and taking them with them as they moved back. The sky sat there, not doing much of anything, maybe waiting for the sunset to come and do something. But the woman didn't quite notice. She wasn't much of one for noticing, unless maybe she got something in her foot, or else every once in a while she'd remember where she was and she'd notice. She noticed now when she came to a cave. She'd always had a thing about caves. She and caves really got along, at least in her head, as she'd never been in one. First she stood outside a while, listening to the wind and water sounds as they came and left, getting her surroundings organized in her mind so she might still remember directions once she was inside.

She went in. Although the cave started out natural, it turned into a strange cave. Dark and darker until, not being able to hold any light in her eyes, she was ready to turn back except then some strange colored light came. Red and green flashing lights as she moved forward, like the flashes on unfinished roads, if the colors had been right. The ending of the darkness kept her moving forward to see the light's beginning. She forgot to notice that she wasn't her normally frightened self. The light was in little pieces. Bits of rock blinked like Christmas tree lights, unconnected. She moved on to understand. She came to a smaller room, half lit by white rocks, and despite her habit of bumping into things because she'd forget where her body was, everything, the walls, the damp was so much where it belonged, that the woman also moved where she belonged. In the middle of the room stood a heating stove with dimly bright rocks on the top.

She waited a minute until this little woman came in. She wasn't regular little, but smaller than that even. At first, the little woman didn't pay attention to the other woman, instead she moved her looks toward the rocks as though they were a matter of now importance. The new-to-the-cave woman nodded and waited. The cave woman picked up a small rock, touched it all around and brought it to the older woman. The older outside woman took it, touched it and holding it asked the inside woman if she'd been outside. The stone woman shook her head and taking a look at her stove picked up some rocks and put them in her many pocketed clothlike thing going to the ground, pockets in the back too with bulges from stones. She followed the other woman out.

The new-to-the-outside woman stood at the entrance and looked out. Her body changed as she watched the waves come in and out in the distance, not so far from her as they had been inside. As she watched, her arms got longer and farther from her body. Her shoulders moved almost the whole way around her body. Between the motion of the new woman and the motion ever yet calm of the sea, the woman could almost hear the sun going down toward the sea, with the touch softening the sound of the waves. The moving woman would not leave the entrance of the cave.

The sea, sky and air woman took the new-to-the-outside woman's hand and led her out toward the sea. As they walked the woman's hand grew longer and smaller in the other woman's steady hand. They walked. The sun floated down.

"You like it here?" the experienced woman asked.

"Yes, but I have to calm me down." She sat on the sand and her body stopped slowly its unplace-moving motion. She touched her stones to make sure they had stayed in her pockets which had perhaps made sitting down uncomfortable. As the dark came more her pockets lit up slightly.

But they had to go, the taller, now standing-up woman decided, taking her hand once more. "Would you like to come back with me?" she asked.

"Can I bring my rocks?"

"Yes."

So they got in the dark car. The driving woman asked the other if she could make the rocks stop their light and the woman stopped the light, "except one."

"One's fine," the driving woman said, going slow because the woman new to a car kept getting bigger and smaller and moving her head all around the car so she could see out the windows.

"I don't go this way," she said.

"How do you do it?"

"I sit on my feet and they take me along."

They drove and the darkness seemed right.

When they reached the woman's apartment, the boyfriend opened the door. She knew he wouldn't understand the new woman. She had him leave.

They started to live together.

The woman who lived in the apartment discovered the new woman didn't eat. Instead, as she explained, she got energy from the sun and that was good for that was the only thing that got to every place she went. The woman asked her if she had been able to get much sun in the cave. The slowly-moving-in-place woman said, "I get too much sun when I travel and being exhausted I needed the dark." So, often the first woman would come home to find the second woman sitting at the window with her hands stretched far into the sky. She could only catch sun in her hands, she explained. One day she caught a balloon in her hands as it made its way upward. She didn't go out, though she had her own key that she always wore around her neck.

I like to keep it; it's your present to me." The first woman brought her another key--to be used going in and out--she explained. But still the woman with two keys around her neck didn't go out without her friend and that

was later.

The outside woman often brought her rocks and soon they started going to the beach together. And they learned to play together, digging tunnels in the sand until they met underneath, throwing each other into the water, though neither went out far. They stayed close.. The one built castles while the other found rocks to decorate them with that she later took home with her. The taller woman hadn't gotten used to thinking herself away from her friend while the other collected rocks; then she would feel her friend's hand stretched out tapping on her shoulder, ignoring the distance to give her a rock.

The first woman felt bad leaving her for work every day, except she had to work. The other woman seemed quite happy at home baking rocks in the oven and hanging them on the wall. Or else, she put the baked rocks all over the house in special places for her friend to discover when she came home. And the working woman learnt specific distinctions about rocks so she didn't rediscover old rocks and hurt her friend's feelings by not having enough rock caring to know the new from the old.

Yet then the working woman noticed her job was becoming easier. Sometimes she'd arrive at work to find all of her morning typing done, so she'd read or call home, once she had taught the strange-to-the-phones woman not to be frightened of it. Though once she was used to it, she decided it was a kind of rock and the business woman returned home one day to discover the phone melted over the inside of the oven.

They started to go to movies together. It helped make things make sense to the new-to-the-planet woman. Though if a movie was sad she'd get littler until her friend took her hand and she'd return to regular size. Which was still small and people would stare at her, but not so much as when she changed sizes.

After the first movie, they sat in the livingroom together under the glowing rocks. The new woman said, "It's better now. I can sort things out."

"What do you mean?"

"Before if I was with other people, all their feelings come into the center of the room, sit there and bump into one another. Too much. Now I can put the feelings back in the bodies."

"You mean you can tell what people feel?"

"Most times."

"Me too?"

"Only when you want me to."

Even understand better her friend stayed inside. The in-and-out-of-the-house woman wondered if her friend wasn't bored. But the stone woman liked being home. She liked to sit at the window and look out, watching the motion of things and sunning herself. One night the woman who was tired from work awoke to find her friend watching the world, kneeling by the window and looking out ever so long. And now her body stood still, ever so still. The first woman slept.

It was good. The first woman, whose work was easier yet and as they

never noticed her anyhow, being in a back room, spent more time at home with her friend. Except she was worried. The new woman started talking about other planets. How one planet was so small you could feel it turn under your feet. And there was another planet with soft rocks that bounced. But the best part was moving from one planet to another, sitting on one's feet as the space moved one along.

The first woman was nervous and worried and didn't know what to do. They went out more, but that didn't seem to help the working woman. The home-staying woman didn't know how to cheer up her friend. It was better for a while when the outside-coming woman returned home with something to show her friend. She took one of her friend's hot rocks out of the oven, put it in the sink and turned the cold water on it. The rock cracked. The rock woman was so happy she grew as tall as the other woman and bounced up and down though she stood still.

It was good for a while until the new woman told her friend about this great planet with sun and rocks that grew from trees in different colors, which changed when they were held in the hand. And if you found the special rock made for oneself you had only to hold onto it to fly. "But mostly it's the feeling between planets I like."

The little woman didn't know what to do about her depressed friend who had stopped looking for the new rocks and no matter how many rocks she cracked for her friend, her friend was still sad. One day after sunning her hands, she collected all the beautiful food in the house. She hadn't cooked for the working woman since the second week, since the eating woman broke her tooth on one of many rocks her friend had put in the casserole. But now she realized that the woman didn't like food rocks. She gathered all the beautiful food she could find: honey, green peppers, spinach, blueberries, pickles, strawberry jam, eggplant, marshmallows, chocolate and put it in a large pot. She added all the pretty spices and some food coloring, wine and some coke, and swirled the colors. Then putting her favorite stone on top she set the oven at 450 and put it in the oven to bake.

She served it to her tired friend. The food woman didn't know what to do. She looked at all the colors, and grey mixtures merging stickily together, hardened, crusted and stuck to the pan.

"It's beautiful," said the newly-arrived-home woman.

"Isn't it," said the proud creator.

"It's so beautiful I can't eat it. Maybe we can put it on the wall so we can always see it," she suggested.

The other woman started bouncing while sitting in her chair.

The just-arrived woman kissed her friend's happy face and her friend touched her eyes with her hand. The new-to-the-planet woman learned touch and they slowly moved together and in the motion of it all they caught up each other's body. Later in the rests between, the new woman told her friend it was better than any other kind of motion.

by AUDRE LORDE

TO MARIE, IN FLIGHT

For women  
perspective is more easily maintained.

But something in my body  
teaches patience  
is no virtue  
every month  
renews its own destruction  
while my blood rages  
for proof  
or continuity.

Peering out of this  
pressured metal cabin  
I see our body patterns  
repeated on the earth  
I hear my blood breath beating  
through the dark green places  
between the mountains thrust.  
without judgment or decision  
a valley rhythm captures all.



LIME ALLEGORY Lime 25" by 9" by 4" 1973.



*LINE ALLEGORY (other side)*

# new ink

reviews by laurel

FLYING -- Autobiographical

Kate Millett

Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. (hardcover) \$8.95 546 pp.

Kate Millett's new book, *Flying*, is a long journey into depression, fear, self-disgust, anger, distrust, boredom, excruciating pain, and, finally, passion and some moments of love. Kate records here the life as she lived it during the year following the enormous success of *Sexual Politics*. It is at once a journal and an autobiography, an attempt to capture everything she experienced (including the past) during a one year period. Like a tape recording, a film, but enriched by associations, connections, reflections on the events as they happen.

As Gene Damon (*The Ladder*) would say, this book is "highly relevant." A triple star. Probably no one unless it is Violet Leduc has ever printed so much of her lesbian experience. But it is by no means polemical. The travail Kate Millett associates with loving women far outweighs the joy of it through most of this book.

A single exception is so beautifully depicted that, coming in the last pages of the book as it does, it almost counterbalances the nihilism of her other sexual relationships. Kate's love for Claire and Claire's for her runs like a thread of hope through the book. The descriptions of their lovemaking are unequalled anywhere. Hating passionately, through most of the book, Kate loves equally passionately, and makes the finest poetry of the sexual explicitness she reveals.

In general though, in bed and out, Kate's relations with women as she describes them are bitterly quarrelsome ego struggles. Though we can marvel at her honesty in recording her own self as Super-Bitch, showing us the ugliest sides of her jealous, dependent, dominating self in conflict with women, the resultant picture is very depressing and it is hard not to wish that she'd kept it to herself. She trashes at least 2/3 of the women she writes about in a way that will make you wonder how many are suing her right now for slander.

Despite this, it will be a very important book to the women's movement. Kate, while compounding the trouble by publishing yet another book, struggles throughout *Flying* with the perennial problem of her media image. This problem of stars, the media elite, has plagued the women's movement since the beginning. Media power can and does corrupt like any other, and Kate has



courted, used, and abused that power. She is repeatedly called for this, obviously sometimes by women who would like her to give it up so they can move in, but also by women who sincerely question the hierarchy the media so unrelentingly insists upon.

The problem of Kate's fame and power is never resolved in this book, nor, to my knowledge, has she resolved it since the time span the book covers. She has been unscrupulous, self-serving, callous in her uses of fame and has often had to pay the price. Booted off the stage at the West Coast Lesbian Conference last year, and finally, purged by the largest university women's studies program in the country, Kate has not seen the end of the star's storm and drang which she depicts in *Flying*.

However depressing in its lack of sisterhood, *Flying* is a marvel of a book, carrying the tradition of Violet Leduc on to new heights. Kate has very likely broken ground on a new form of as-it-happens journal writing which will be widely imitated, while adding a confirming voice to the lesbian bare-all tradition of Jill Johnston, Rita Mae Brown, Elana Nachman and others.

*Flying* is a classic you won't want to miss, but, be warned, Kate's mistaken certainty that New York City is a microcosm of the world and that the New York City women's movement is the microcosm of the women's movement, will sneak up on you and send you plummeting into her despair if you're not careful.

Kate's experience is not typical: not typical woman, writer, or lesbian. To hold her as somehow representative, as the media undoubtedly will, is cruel to her and damaging to our own diversity. Kate has tried, in this book, to elucidate on the woman she is beyond the media stereotypes--let us hope that she, by using the patriarchal press to plead her case, has not merely added fuel to their fires.

#### THE NEW FEMINIST MOVEMENT -- A Social History

Maren Lockwood Carden

The Russell Sage Foundation (Hardback) No price available 234 pp.

Dr. Carden sets out in this book to "record this particular piece of contemporary social history while its actors are available to re-tell their parts," but, wisely, admits that no single book can adequately describe the complexity of the women's movement. She divides the movement into Women's Rights organizations and Women's Liberation groups and makes no attempt to merge the two under one banner. Her experience has been primarily with the former, and so, many inaccuracies and omissions are obvious to women who've been in the radical women's movement for any length of time.

Particularly limited is her concept of lesbians' position in the women's movement, though we must certainly credit her for devoting a good amount of discussion to it. While Ms. Carden does justice to the lesbian position that "lesbianism is a logical alternative to a male partner's dominance," and approvingly describes women who have chosen to relate sexually to other women, she grossly underestimates lesbian participation and leadership in

the women's movement by saying that lesbians are still, primarily, working for acceptance of their lesbianism. Ms. Carden apparently has not heard that it is heterosexual women now who must most often beg acceptance for their particularly odious contradiction of sleeping with men. She errs in saying that the great majority of women in the movement are straight. A conservative estimate of the lesbian constituency would be 1/3.

Despite its shortcomings this is on the whole a good fact-filled coverage of the new women's movement, particularly the more conservative Women's Rights wing.

#### WOMAN PLUS WOMAN: Attitudes Toward Lesbianism

Dolores Klaich

Simon and Schuster (hardcover) \$8.95 287 pp.

Dolores Klaich's treatment of lesbianism is more disappointing than Dr. Carden's because in devoting a whole book to it she calls attention to how little she really knows. This is a hodgepodge of everything from superficial literary history of Sappho and Radclyffe Hall to the results of Ms. Klaich's painfully limited mail-order interviews.

The credentials she gives for publishing this book are most peculiar: She tells us two things she is not: 1) a member of the gay activist groups and 2) one of the line of social scientists who've fenced lesbians into their inaccurate studies. She, however, like every author of a book on lesbianism (except Del and Phyllis and Sidney and Barbara) does not admit her most singularly relevant credential, that she is a lesbian. It wasn't until I was researching some old *Ladders* that I discovered that Dolores Klaich, the quite removed from it editor on the Transatlantic Review who claims to have written this book because she is "interested and concerned" over the public misapprehension of lesbians, has written some very explicit lesbian stories and published them under her own name. When will we learn to ignore the patriarchy's valuing of "the objective outsider" and begin to proclaim that writing from within the movement is, certainly, one step closer to truth if not truth itself.

Dolores Klaich's book is meant as a general overview of lesbianism for "the layman", and as such, it can't really hurt. You might even learn something from her ramblings--women she interviewed did come up with some amazingly good responses--but try not to be depressed by her constant insistence that most of us are still locked in the closet.

#### V. SACKVILLE-WEST -- Biographical literary criticism

Michael Stevens

Charles Scribner's Sons (hardcover) \$7.95 192 pp.

The newest contribution to the current V. Sackville-West revival is this quite scholarly biographical literary criticism. "Taking up where *Portrait of A Marriage* left off," Mr. Stevens has gained access to some manuscripts and other previously unpublished papers through the Nicolson family and uses them to fill in more details about Vita. Some very fine portraits are

included as well as a detailed section listing where many minor works of Ms. Sackville-West were printed.

RIVERFINGER WOMEN -- A novel Excerpt on pp. 6-10 this issue.

Elana Nachman

Daughters, Inc., Plainfield, VT 05667 (hardcover) \$3.00 183 pp.

This novel, in the tradition of *Rubyfruit Jungle*, is a whirlwind picaresque psychedelic nostalgia piece about the author's often ill-fated adventures in the youth and lesbian cultures of the late 60's and 70's. Some early parts are tedious due to an overload of minor characters, but the book does wind all its disjointed episodes into a compelling ending. A breath of fresh air for lesbian literature, it's well worth a warm summer day's reading.

REFLECTION ON THE ATOMIC BOMB and HOW WRITING IS WRITTEN -- Two volumes of the previously unpublished work of

Gertrude Stein, edited by Robert Bartlett Haas

Black Sparrow Press (paper) \$4.00 164 pp. and 161 pp.

Since I honestly can't understand more than 10% of what Gertrude Stein has written, I won't attempt to recommend these for content, but only say that Black Sparrow Press has performed a remarkable service in publishing two volumes of Ms. Stein's previously uncollected writings, and presented them in particularly handsome editions.

GULLIBLES TRAVELS

Jill Johnston

Links Books (paper) \$4.95 283 pp.

Not as pontificating as *Lesbian Nation* and more readable than *Marmalade Me*, this new book is definitely a treat from start to finish. Something to offend everyone, as usual, but Jill has gained a sense of humorility that will assuage all but her most ardently jealous critics.

"A Life on a Cloud" in *The New Yorker*, June 3, 1974

Janet Flanner

A fine remembrance of Margaret Anderson by a longtime friend, Janet Flanner who writes for *The New Yorker* under the name Genet.

All the books reviewed in AQ and most other books by women can be ordered from FIRST THINGS FIRST, a fe-mail order house. Send for their free catalogue and details about ordering the books you want: 23 Seventh St. SE, Washington, DC 20003. They would probably appreciate postage to cover sending the catalogue.

# JACKIE

*Jackie, who we taped an interview with in California last June at the beginning of our lesbians around the country expedition, speaks very candidly of the emotional and sexual complexities of her relationship with Sharon, and offers especially good insights about lesbian motherhood. Marvelously eloquent about everything, many of her statements read like feminist aphorisms. For more interviews, see the Special Double Issue of AQ (Fall, 1973) devoted to the women we met and interviewed on our 12,000 mile journey through the U.S. and Canada. We've also printed one interview per issue since then, and are working on a book to include them all.*

Laurel: When did you first understand that you loved women?

Jackie: About a year after I was married, I met a woman who took a lot of interest in me...very warm toward me in a very powerful way, and she acted as a therapist for me to dump a whole lot of guilt. I had a really puritanical background, and I sort of had to go through confession. She listened to me, she was very therapeutic, and I fell in love with her. It was an impossible situation. That's the first time I actually had a physical experience with a woman. It was dreadfully unsatisfactory, and I still wasn't thinking of the term 'homosexual'! I finally realized that that applied to me.

L: This first woman you had a physical relationship with, why was it impossible?

J: She had a great deal of psychological power over me, and it was like a crush and she used it. She seduced me, but she never, ever loved me. It just wasn't equal and she wouldn't discuss it.

L: After this, how much time elapsed before you recovered and went on again?

J: Another woman who I got to know and like pointed out to me that it was an unequal relationship, and I got over it gradually. I can't emphasize enough that she was a very powerful woman, with a strong personality. She actually influenced me in my thinking about roles. She was really into roles, so that kind of set the tone of my marriage...and so it was another couple of years before I could get away from her influence personally. It took the Women's Movement four years to counteract the ideas that I'd acquired. That wasn't a significant lesbian relationship, that was a kind of playing around. I guess we went to bed only three or four times. Though my husband said he loved me, I wasn't loved by him either, and

there was something deep in me that said I had a right to be loved. When I did meet a woman once at a party, there was just an instant liking, and we had an affair for a year and a half while I was married, secretly. We really loved each other. It was wonderful. It was a very positive experience. But we didn't have a consciousness about what we were doing. She especially felt guilty. And we both assumed that this was just something that we were doing because we really loved each other, that our futures were really going to be with nice men. She was looking for a man, and I was struggling with a bad marriage...this was before the Women's Movement.

L: Could you tell me a little bit about your relationship now. What's important in it?

J: (laughs) That's really big! (They've been together three years.) We met at a Woman-Identified-Woman Workshop, and we were instantly attracted to each other, and got together. It was very happy, wonderful falling in love and getting to know each other. It was really exciting. Soon she left her husband and came here to live. I was already divorced, and after the divorce I went through a kind of sexual exploration with men, seeking satisfaction and had given up on that.

I was developing a gradual acceptance of preferring women. I was in therapy, with a woman after my divorce, because I needed support in order to do it. Even though she was straight, and she believed that homosexuality wasn't as satisfying as heterosexuality, she did give me a lot of support. I finally ended it when the relationship became equal. But I'm avoiding your question.

L: What do you think are the important reasons you're together?

J: Oh, we love each other! Deeply! We feel that there's a very special deep love that is so amazing, so remarkable. We're so right for each other. This love that we feel for each other seems to go beyond our understanding. We have this really strong feeling between us, that we're really right for each other. We even have the feeling that -- it sounds like a cliché -- that we're made for each other. Something very magic is happening between us. That comes from a respect for each other, too. We feel our love is rooted in the most positive kinds of human feelings for another human being. The exchange of our love seems to really build in us.

Like her love for me has been the most positive help in my life, I think. ...for my liking myself and feeling good about myself. And I think she always did feel good about herself, but she really gets a lot out of my feelings for her. It's a hard thing to talk about. It's free space. If you want, just for a second to compare it to what happens between a man and a woman, there isn't a free exchange there. I mean I felt my love was ripped off. But I can have the most open feelings about love and have these really giving feelings and they make Sharon feel love for me. The love that I feel for her comes back to me, through her love for me.

Well, anyway, besides that romantic level, we really live well together. We've learned a lot about each other and the problems that we have. The

differences in our attitudes about things have often been sources of irritation, but we've learned how to deal with each other's personalities. I like that. It's like a changing relationship, and it takes courage. But I'd say basically the dynamic is one of generous good will. It's not like confrontation and stuff...we're basically nice to each other. And we respect each other's needs. There are some problems, do you want to hear about them? L: Yes.

J: Well, the problem for me is that I go through cycles of losing my identity. When I feel rotten about myself, I need her reassurance. Sometimes I feel pretty dependent. It's like when I get close to her, well, for instance, in making love, I find I am my true self. I get close to who I am and it's a really good feeling. And the other aspect of that is losing myself. Sometimes I get a little shaky about having lost myself. And I know that she has the power to make me feel good. I know that I respect her opinions so much that I really need reassurance from her sometimes. This is coming out of many years of doubting myself, so...sometimes I feel like a dependent. It comes out of my situation, too. I have more responsibility for the kids than she does. She has work needs, she goes to work every day. I don't so I have to struggle with that feeling of being a housewife. We're dealing with the situation pretty well...

I guess the problem basically is that I feel inferior sometimes. I don't know if she knows that this is a kind of problem to me.

L: You see this pattern developing. How do you think you can change things?

J: One thing I do sometimes is to start making demands on her. I demand that she be sensitive to my emotional needs and that she reassure me, even though she is engrossed in her work. I sometimes get my feelings hurt because if I'm feeling depressed and she's looking at her books to get ready for work the next day, I get hurt. And this can build up for a day or two where I'm resenting the fact that she doesn't know I need her. So I finally tell her: I feel hurt. So we have a big thing.

And the other thing I do is try to meet my own needs a little more. It's not always satisfactory. That's pretty good. The situation is that you're staying home too much, so you've got to get out and do some work so you can feel good about yourself. But if the problem is why doesn't she realize I need her now, well, that's a hard one. There's been two or three major, like, fights over that. (laughs) You're really making me introspective.

L: Has there ever been the issue of monogamy or nonmonogamy?

J: Only academically. Well, maybe that's not quite true either. You know what we do sometimes, which is funny? We'll use it. We'll make a reference to another woman who we're really attracted to. Sort of an 'I'll make you jealous' kind of thing. But we've talked very seriously about how we'd feel about that. How I feel if Sharon were with another woman, how she'd feel if I were with someone else, and so we understand each other on this. And we're in a secure place. We understand what would be terribly hurtful to the other person and we understand what wouldn't be. We can't

help but realize that our actions might hurt the other. We have a good understanding about this. It's hard to know how you'd really react. I'd be hurt, and I'm not saying that my reasons are rational. I feel very irrational about them.

Her reactions are practical. Like she doesn't want to feel that I might have to pay attention to someone else when she needs me. Her feelings are less possessive, but more that she needs me, and she wants to know if she really has to be with me that I'll be there for her first. And she's also said that if I made love with another woman that she knew and liked, it wouldn't hurt her as much as someone she didn't know at all.

The way I feel -- God -- it would just hurt my feelings. I would feel that I was inadequate. And I'd also feel -- I know that this is irrational -- that something special, our total giving of each of us to each other would change. I don't know how she could totally give herself to more than -- in fact, we agreed on this -- that we can't give ourselves to more than one person. So it would be a passing sexual thing. If she explained to me, I would be open to hearing it, what it meant to her. The love is deepening and growing and it's getting so it's just more important than any passing attraction to another woman. We realize that that's a realistic thing, that you're attracted to other women.

L: How do you feel about relating to men?

J: I don't want to have anything to do with them. I don't even like them. You see I know too much about the psychological dynamics between a man and a woman, and I don't like that.

I also know what I prefer aesthetically. I prefer women. I don't want to submit myself to a male...it's a kind of pride I have. I want an independent life. It's no great thing. It'd just be disappointing all over again. And yet I feel at some basic level we're all open sexually. I mean it is a disgusting thing, most of the time but (smiles) who knows?

L: Generally for you, what would you say the benefits of being a lesbian are?

J: A very deep liberation of myself. I've gotten back in touch with myself, who I am, the core of my being. I've experienced this because I am loved by a woman, unconditionally. And because I can be myself. So it's like psychologically liberated territory.

L: What problems are you having with the children related to your being a lesbian?

J: I can't think of any related to that.

L: Could you describe how you let them know or how they found out?

J: What actually transpired when we started going together? Well, you see, they're innocent. They didn't take note of the fact that there was a lesbian relationship going on. It was just my friend moved in -- I told them that she was going to. It's been a gradual process of their getting to know her. There have been conflicts, of course. I'm not as available to them. She's kind of harsh with them sometimes. They resent that.

We discussed our relationship with them, in terms of sitting them down and saying 'We love each other and this society doesn't think that's all

right. They're against women loving women and men loving men.' We never told them 'Don't say anything.'

They have a pretty good awareness of the fact that we're different -- they come home and make fun of the kids of the street, because they think taking clothes off is nasty. We have this kind of constant awareness of differences of life styles between us and other people. They pick up on that.

L: So it was fairly easy.

J: Yes, but I don't think it's finished! I don't know what will happen when they get to the point of trying to discuss these ideas with other people.

L: Do your parents know?

J: Mine do. I presume that my husband's parents can kind of tell. So I think the problem may come when they have to make a choice about whether to come out or not, in a classroom situation or with a friend making an antihomosexual remark. That's when they'll need our support. And they'll probably need to discuss this a lot more in the future. But now, they're getting more of a consciousness about the fact that we are lesbians. And we're using the word more. Before we were individuals and we love each other and it's cool. But there's been a whole lot of company lately since the lesbian conference, you know, and we're really liking calling ourselves dykes. They're pretty aware of some of the basic issues.

L: How would you feel if your daughter should choose to be a lesbian?

J: I hope she does.

L: Do you see any ways that you might influence this?

J: Well, I certainly know one way not to do it is to insist that she do that. I couldn't help it, but when she starts getting, ugh, friends, you know, getting into a sexual relationship, my attitude would reinforce that. I'd appreciate the good feelings she has with another girl. I would just feel like giving her a whole lot of understanding and support.

L: What about your son?

J: That's a harder question. I love him. If I could say what I want for him, I'd want him to be open to both sexes. Because I think something that happens with a person of your own sex must happen between men, except that men have been socialized to be emotional cripples. I want my son to have the benefits of an emotionally rich relationship. Now, it's up to him, he's going to have to choose. I don't want him to oppress a woman. Now that comes down to whether I believe fucking between a man and a woman is -- oh, it's so confusing! (laughs) It always was!

L: The actual act of fucking, do you think it's possible for it not to be oppressing?

J: The way it is now, that's all there is to it. But in the context of a full relationship, an equal relationship, and one that's generalized sensually and not just specific to a guy's penis, it has the possibility of being equal. Now I'm saying this as I think about my son. Before, when I think about a man relating to me, I just say no, I don't want that.

L: It's a difference in a generation.



J: Yes, that's true. I guess, though, as a parent, I'm really working on not being so invested in what they do. I want a good relationship with them, and I'll tell them my values and I'll guide them best I can. At some point, they're just going to have to do their own thing. In fact, I'm going to have to withdraw those wants to an extent so that they won't feel oppressed by my wishes for them.

L: Was your lesbianism an issue in your divorce or custody? Did your husband know?

J: He did. But he didn't want to take care of the kids. To him it isn't a big moral issue. Actually it suits my ex-husband's psychology just fine. Now he can say: 'My ex-wife is a lesbian, and she had to do that.' And he doesn't have to feel that he was inadequate.

L: What about the grandparents? Are they concerned?

J: No, they just sort of assume that the mother gets the kids.

L: Do you ever feel that you have to be careful about the custody with social workers or any kind of government ...

J: I've never heard of agencies stepping in and taking children away from a mother who's doing an okay job. And my lawyer assured me that they'd have to prove this. The period between the separation and going to court, I got all kinds of advice, 'Be sure to keep my nose clean.' I'm not really worried about that in my case, because there's no one else who wants to take the kids full time. And my ex-husband's parents get to see the kids once a week. So there isn't any problem for me, but there is for Sharon.

(As Gina was taping a separate interview with Sharon, I didn't go into this.)

L: How many of your friends would you say are lesbians?

J: Most, most of my friends.

L: Do these women pretty much know each other too?

J: Most, not all of them.

L: Is there a sense of community developing with the lesbians?

J: Well, there is, you know. It's really nice when you see somebody and three days before you were drinking beer with them. That kind of thing. But there isn't a sense of community that we really rely on. We certainly don't feel that we can put our energies into this community, they have almost no consciousness about kids. Our situation's different. Most of them are kind of freewheeling independent and there aren't too many couples. There is a sense of community, it's starting to grow. I wish it were more. I feel very isolated.

L: How do you see you and Sharon being different?

J: We're quite different from most of them, not some, in that I think we're more serious. And we are dealing with economic reality...we have a different situation. Having kids is really different. We feel how serious this business of living is. Also we're older, that gives us a different attitude. (Jackie is twenty-nine and Sharon is forty.) The ones who are older tend to be the ones with similar interests, wanting to get together, for instance, and talk about an article from *Amazon Quarterly*.

L: These younger women, what do they have that's different?

J: Oh, they have totally free schedules! They don't have any commitments. Once in awhile they say: 'Aw, shit, I gotta go out and get a job.' (laughs) It's weird!

L: How do they do it?

J: One of them's collecting unemployment...one sells flowers. They don't need much to live. Some of them live together and that cuts down the cost. But the children make the whole difference.

L: Do you ever feel put down because you've had children?

J: No. Just a lack of support.

L: Are they supportive of childcare, if you ask?

J: Yes, if we ask.

L: How do you feel lesbianism is related to feminism for you?

J: I really agree with Jill Johnston. It is the solution. So many women who want to be independent are tied into men. It's called contradictions. They need to be loved, of course. We all have a pretty big need for that -- if they could just overcome their barriers to loving a woman, so many of the problems they are having would be changed.

I think that it's important to be a lesbian, for your own psychological freedom. I think it's at the core of the nature of human loving. That's how I experience it. And I think it's a pity that some women will never experience that. That's a big question!

L: Personally, how do you relate to straight women?

J: Well, I work with straight women at the Women's Center. There's a staff of six or eight, and (smiles) I like them. Most of the time I don't look at them as straight women, because they're feminists and I feel their love for women. I can feel it the way they work. It hasn't been a very deep split here. We had a gay/straight dialogue and some splits were coming out in feelings in the room because they felt as if we were really angry at them, and that we were saying that they oppressed us. Actually, I don't feel that way, but some of the lesbians did feel that way, that right across the boards, straight women are oppressing lesbians.

L: Doesn't Jill Johnston say that?

J: I understand what she says about that. That a straight woman is channeling all her natural energies to a man. I think she's getting ripped off. And I don't like that she's perpetuating his power position, and supporting him emotionally, in his privileged position. And yet I think I can certainly understand the mother situation.

L: How do you feel about the title, *Lesbian Nation: The Feminist Solution*?

J: It really hits a strong cord in my guts. It's not practical (smiles) I mean, I'll support the feminist revolution. I'll have to think about this, okay? Even Jill says that her struggle is with women, so I don't feel she has totally wiped out the possibility of working with straight women. The question has come up recently whether our group should work with the gay men and the gay social services or stay within the Women's Center. And the predominant feeling, which is my feeling, is that we should stay with the Women's Center, and in the Women's Movement. I really iden-

tify with the Women's Movement.

I was a straight woman once. And I understand how you get there, and I understand how hard it is to get out, so I don't insist that they leave their husbands right now.

I have a strong desire that women become free in their own individual life, not just through a whole huge movement, and that women's rights be recognized and that the female principle be raised in the world. But I really wish that each individual woman could break away from her own personal oppressor. And I think straight women are oppressed, even by the nicest guy.

L: Would you call them the enemy?

J: No, I don't beleive that, that Man is the enemy and if you collaborate --I don't like to make that kind of distinction. The problem has to be leaving their husbands. Nobody would share the responsibilities of raising a child the way the man does. I really think that they all secretly want to leave their husbands. I really feel that all women should be lesbians. This seems to be basic to one's existence. It's arrogant almost, but I feel that!

L: Is heterosexuality, then, inherently oppressive to women?

J: It seems to me that a man is equipped to oppress a woman sexually. He can fuck her. He can rape her, and she doesn't have to enjoy it. But she can't fuck him, she can't rape him, because he has to have an erection for this to happen, and that means that he'll enjoy it. If he isn't enjoying it he won't have an erection and she can't do it. So it seems to me that there's something very disturbing about that act. Maybe because it's Nature's demand that it happen, without any regard for an equal relationship.

I used to think that there was a certain something that could happen between men and women if the relationship wasn't oppressive. But now I realize that as Sharon and I develop, that sexually we have experienced a unity that has gone beyond what could even theoretically happen between a man and a woman.

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MOST BACK ISSUES OF AMAZON QUARTERLY HAVE NOW GONE THE WAY OF THE DINOSAUR. WE HAVE, HOWEVER, SAVED 10 COMPLETE TWO VOLUME SETS WHICH WE WOULD LIKE TO USE TO RAISE FUNDS FOR INCREASED PRINTING COSTS.

WE'RE ASKING WOMEN WHO WOULD LIKE THE COMPLETE SET TO CONTRIBUTE \$100. THE BOOKS WILL BE MAILED POSTHASTE WITH OUR DEEPEST APPRECIATION.

If you cannot afford \$100 there are other possibilities: Xerox will send you a facsimile copy of an issue you are missing for approximately \$6. See their ad on p. 70. Also, we hope to be publishing an anthology within the next year which will include much of what is now out of print.

We hope, though, that women who wouldn't miss the \$100 will want to use this opportunity to contribute to *Amazon Quarterly*. As we enter our third year, we are happy to say that we haven't had to raise our prices despite inflation which makes the \$1 cover price more like 85 cents now.

Contributions like this from women who can afford it will insure that AQ will still be within most women's financial means. (AQ will be sent free to any woman in prison or a mental institution who is allowed to receive it.)

Send Contributions To:

Amazon Quarterly  
P.O. Box 434  
W. Somerville, MA 02144

The writers of cookbooks come out at night,  
the phantom cooks and their phantom recipes:  
"Think about food, listen to us."  
The no-nonsense compendium,  
reeling with utensils,  
with too many ideas about hamburger,  
knowing everything there is to know  
about how not to curdle, handing out  
lists of government regulations  
on butterfat content, diagrams  
of cows, pigs and sheep.

Then the gourmet cookbook  
written by the fat man who says,  
"Eating is a way of life."  
The lists of unnatural unions  
between chicken breasts and chocolate;  
reasons why, ultimately, sirloin is more  
economical than pot roast;  
why every efficiency apartment should have  
a copper salmon poacher.

The New England spinster who can tell  
at 3 yards when you're going to die  
has also written a cookbook:  
the lady who says both Kennedy and Oswald  
were "sanpaku", the whites of their eyes  
showing between the iris and the lower lid.  
And think of the public officials with B vitamin deficiencies,  
the mashed potatoes and the gravy consumed at state dinners,  
the teenagers who, unnoticed by their mothers,  
are gradually beginning to walk with their toes pointed  
outward, victims of poor vitamin D assimilation.  
Envy the lucky British!  
All those teeth with all those open spaces  
just because they had enough cod liver oil.  
And the meat-eaters!  
The eaters of muscles,  
the silly old muscle-eaters--  
there's scorn in that laugh.  
"If you eat meat, let it be liver."

These are the people who say  
any child given brewer's yeast  
at an early age in a natural,  
simple manner, will grow  
to love it and will have no tolerance  
for Hershey bars and Coca-Cola.  
These are the anti-whipped cream people,  
the no pie, no cake group,  
the people who hate the fat man.  
They are serious.  
They are going to live longer than us.

The Quaker ladies have a cookbook too,  
embarrassed and full of casseroles.  
Recipes from Mabel Lockyer and Jeannette Coote,  
Brazil Nut Sensation from Evelyn Dane  
to go with Avocado-Chicken Surprise.  
The moral cookbook with paragraphs  
from A. J. Muste set between  
Baked Chicken with Orange Rind  
and Helen's Baked Lima Beans.

Literary cookbooks  
with meals constructed  
from scenes in *War and Peace* (Borodino Borscht)  
and *A Farewell to Arms*.  
The recipes by famous people:  
Stravinsky stew, an asparagus souffle  
Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis enjoys  
when dieting.  
Authentic recipes from countries  
that eat dumplings regularly,  
places whose whole interest lies in their kolatches,  
paella, Buddha's Delight.  
Earnest books that tell you not to be afraid  
to sprout your own beans,  
nervous books that never begin a recipe without  
telling you to wash something.  
Books against unbleached flour, books for.  
Books that think you're dumb: "Take an egg,  
break it."  
Books that say coriander and vanilla bean are staples.  
Books that bicker at each other,  
at their positions on butter and oleomargarine.

If you read long enough  
the books themselves disappear.

Just the food remains, brilliant  
as yarn samples.  
The harmony is amazing--  
you see wheat germ and whipped cream  
meeting on frozen desserts,  
mortars for mashing garlic,  
apricot tarts, carrots and roast beef  
together  
as if they were meant to be that way.

They pass majestically by;  
your eyes bulge.  
Listen! It's not the food,  
this is like traveling on the Continent.  
Suddenly you're humble;  
you want to memorize all the recipes for mayonnaise you can find.  
You want to do everything they tell you,  
never leaving out an herb or  
deriding instructions to "chop finely."  
You make rash promises to bake bread  
every week, to make your plates "picture pretty,"  
to balance nutrients, color, texture, to grow  
your own parsley  
You realize what a fool you've been.

It's hard to sleep on these nights  
after reading the cookbooks.  
Ambition almost chokes you,  
desserts especially.  
You fall asleep wanting to be perfect.

Symbionese women,  
you fingered frustration  
over and over  
like rosary...  
memorized pain.

Cameras pant  
over your incinerator,  
coverage personal  
like a home movie,  
they bring home  
truly  
they bring you home.

Your worst lullaby is over.

A billion blue ties  
walk our planet,  
careless and arrogant.

Make fists  
explode like birth  
anger is common  
everyday gritting  
of teeth...hot dude sucks  
at you from a stop light  
besides rape and murder  
it's the irate husband  
expecting dinner  
and all the dead trees.

Symbionese women  
fingered frustration  
over and over...  
water torture drips down  
on foreheads methodically:  
the little death  
in the supermarket,  
red muscles of animals  
quietly packaged  
snarol and black flag...  
each foot of concrete  
poured for a safeway floor  
claimed the home of insects  
weeds flowers birds  
roads cut the hearth of earth,  
the way i live is slaughter

by BOBBIE BISHOP

and i finger frustration  
over and over.

Symbionese women,  
your worst lullaby is over.

My father drove me  
to a friend's. i  
belched in the car.  
he said, "that's  
pretty bohemian,  
isn't it?" i said,  
"i suppose so." he  
said, "well, i'm  
not bohemian." and  
i said "nobody's  
asking you to be."  
quietly i said,  
"nobody's asking you  
to be." and i finger  
frustration over  
and over,  
no woman remains  
unmade by man.

Chant blue teeth  
marks on our bodies  
all marks come down  
to each sister,  
no woman remains  
unmade by man.

Sing you songs, sisters  
sing you songs  
marks came down around  
as you fingered frustration  
burst on fire and bullet  
all around the murder bush  
they chased...

And we'll scrape your bones  
and start again.  
Your worst lullaby is over.



*JET* magazine, 6/27/74:

Last week, New York City policeman Thomas Shea was acquitted on charges of murdering 10-year-old Clifford Glover... Shea's story was that he and his partner were out looking for two robbery suspects and came across Clifford and his father on their way to work. Despite the fact that the two suspects had been described to the cops as being around 24 years old, nearly 6 feet tall and weighing 180 and 155 pounds respectively, the cops decided to stop the under 5 feet tall, 90-pound Clifford and his 5 feet, six inches tall father for questioning. Shea said, "We were approaching them when they broke and ran. The smaller figure then turned and fired at us. I returned the fire, hitting the smaller figure." Clifford was shot in the back... the gun he was supposed to have fired has never been found.

[When questioned about how a 10-year-old boy could have looked like a 24-year-old man, the cop replied, "I didn't notice the size, but the color was right."]

by AUDRE LORDE

THE SAME DEATH OVER AND OVER  
OR  
LULLABIES ARE FOR CHILDREN

"It's the small deaths in the supermarket" she said  
trying to open my head  
with her meat white cleaver  
trying to tell me how  
her pain met mine  
halfway  
between the smoking ruins in a black neighborhood of Los Angeles  
and the bloody morning streets of childkilling New York.

Her poem reached like an arc across country and  
"I'm trying to hear you" I said  
roaring with my pain in a predawn city  
where it is open season on black children  
where my worst lullaby goes on over and over.  
"I'm not fighting you" I said  
but it's the small deaths in the gutter too  
that's unmaking us all  
and the white cop who shot down 10 year old Clifford Glover  
didn't fire because he saw a girl.



by Kaymarion



# THE SENDER OF DREAMS

by KAREN FEINBERG

Susan Rutledge had a gift from her mother's eldest sister, the gift of fashioning dreams and sending them to anyone she wished. It was within her power to visit a sleeping enemy with a nightmare, or, if she cared to do so, to show herself invitingly to the one she wanted as a lover. The gift was in the family; it passed to one woman in each generation.

Other powers, similar but not the same, descended through other families in that part of the country. There were households whose daughters could send their minds to travel for hours in the bodies of birds, or men, or bears, while their own bodies rested on their beds. There was rumor, too, of a family in which the women had the gift of planting thoughts. These women, it was said, could place a desire, an image, an intention, a recognition, a piece of knowledge in another person's mind, and make it seem as if that person had conceived it. But the Rutledge gift of sending dreams was neither so abstract, so much a spectator's affair, as that of the mind-travelers, nor so direct, so telepathic, as the act of planting thoughts. A dream, unlike a waking thought, might be disregarded or forgotten.

All who possessed these gifts, the senders of dreams and the others, used their powers sparingly and in secret. They first learned caution from the witch trials; in later times, they found themselves unwilling to incur the suspicion and the bad feeling of their neighbors. Susan's aunt recalled with pride that none of their ancestors had ever been suspected of witchcraft.

When Susan was sixteen, her aunt came to her in a dream and declared her the inheritor of the power. The older woman died soon afterward, leaving Susan to test the gift.

More from curiosity than from malice, she tried it first on somebody she despised mildly, a spoiled girl who shrank from all crawling things. On a camping expedition, Susan sent the girl a dream in which one, then two, then four grey spiders crossed and re-crossed a blank wall, multiplying until they filled the dreamer's vision. But as Susan lay in her sleeping bag, listening

to the screams and sobs, she had to brace herself against the awareness that suddenly descended upon her, like a cloak flung from above: she, and no other, had caused this chaos. She used her power again barely half a dozen times, and then only after careful consideration.

When Susan's father died, her mother sold their house and moved south; but Susan, who wished to stay near home, found work in the next town. She rented half a house in the remote town she worked in, far up in Vermont, nearer Montreal than Boston. Like others with certain powers, Susan wanted to live quietly. She had a garden; she watched birds; she kept to herself. People liked her well enough, but regarded her as rather colorless. Nobody paid much attention to her.

It was not that she was displeasing to see. A second look showed that she was slender and upright, that the bones of her face were faultless, that she had fine dark eyes in which there was nothing of the cow or the spaniel. She could have enticed men through their dreams, but none appealed to her. In a vague way, Susan connected this indifference with her gift, and accepted it without question, having learned already to live with one unusual quality. She was not given to unnecessary brooding, once she had acknowledged something.

At the end of Susan's third year in the town, Louise Dulac finished her nurse's training in Connecticut and came home. She opened the family house, which had sat empty, awaiting her return. The rest of the Dulacs were scattered, or dead. Susan heard that Louise would be working at the local hospital. The word was that even though she was still very young, younger even than Susan herself, she preferred the country, that she had had enough of the city in her years as a student.

One morning, about a week after she returned, Louise came to Susan's office to see an old school friend of hers, the same woman in fact who had spread the news of her homecoming. The friend made introductions.

Susan noticed that Louise was only a little shorter than herself, rosy and round in the face, with a certain quickness of manner. She pushed aside her papers and said, "How is it, coming home after all this time?" From there the talk flowed easily enough. Susan, who kept secret even her secretiveness, was skilled in this kind of conversation.

She found that she was still thinking of Louise that evening, and the next day as well. The discovery surprised her, but she put it down to curiosity, the simple desire to see the other woman again. For fear of pushing herself forward, she decided to leave the next meeting to chance, even half-hoping, with sudden, unaccountable shyness, that the feeling would vanish and leave her in peace.

But the curiosity, as she called it, grew daily, unrelieved by any chance meeting. At last, after a week, Susan yielded to an impulse and took an unfamiliar way home from work, along a road that led past the Dulac house. It was a rather small white frame house with green shutters, that stood back from the road on a slight rise. Between house and road lay an expanse of wild grass, full of daisies. As she drove past, not so slowly as to draw attention, Susan felt that the house somehow represented Louise, and that

to enter the house would be to know Louise more completely. In this condition, she imagined that the neighborhood was filled with Louise's presence, and that soon (with a leap inside) she might meet Louise herself. At the same time, she understood that this viewing was a private act, not to be mentioned.

The road, Susan discovered, opened onto the main highway that swung around that side of town. At the junction there stood a diner of glass and metal, a stop for those passing through, for truckers and carloads of hunters. Susan had never gone there; it was out of her way. But she wanted to stop driving now, to concentrate wholly on her thoughts.

She sat in a booth, ordered coffee from an inattentive waitress, and drank slowly. Her old belief was proved wrong: it was not her gift, but a leaning toward women, that left her indifferent to men. Next to the marvel of Louise herself, the greatest surprise was her lack of surprise at this revelation. It lay at ease in her mind, perfectly simple. Yet she suspected that this was the simplicity of a hinge, which would set her future life at a still-unknown angle to the past. She was gazing into her cup, and speculating, when Louise Dulac walked in, with a raincoat over her uniform.

As before, they spoke of neutral things; of New Haven, where Louise had trained; of Boston, where Susan had family; and again of Louise's return home.

"I'm making curtains for the house," said Louise.

Susan was alert at once. The house meant more than she cared to discuss. "What kind of curtains?" she said.

"I tried burlap, but it wouldn't hang right. So I'm using sailcloth."

"I've always had good results with sailcloth, myself," said Susan. She stirred her coffee, deliberately.

"I hear you have a garden," said Louise.

"Yes, I'm growing vegetables."

"I'm thinking of doing that next year," said Louise. "Tell me what it's like." She leaned back in her seat.

Afterward, Susan remembered very little of the conversation (was it beets or radishes that Louise liked best?), but she knew now that Louise's eyes were greenish brown, with a dark circle around each iris; not blue, as she had originally thought.

That night, she sent Louise a dream that was little more than a greeting: a glimpse of herself, smiling and waving across a room.

Her dreams always fulfilled their purpose; she expected to see Louise again soon. She began to stop at the diner every afternoon.

After seven days had passed with no response, she caused Louise to dream that they walked together through the woods on the northern edge of town, out beyond the Catholic cemetery. They were laughing; their faces, like daisies, caught the sunlight that came through the leaves.

The silence continued. Susan became watchful, hoping to meet Louise wherever she went. She lost the pleasure of moving easily and disinterestedly through her surroundings, a pleasure not perceived till it had vanished.

She despaired; only her pride, or her shame, kept her from passing through the neighborhood of the hospital at a certain hour of the afternoon.

She sent a third dream, a dream filled with food and wine, in which they feasted throughout the night.

On the following morning, a Saturday, Susan met Louise Dulac in the grocery store. She greeted Louise with the right degree of cheerfulness, hoping to hide the jolt and flutter she felt upon seeing her. She imagined that Louise looked startled. They praised the weather; complained about the prices; Susan inquired after Louise's curtains; Louise admired Susan's sandals. Very pleasant, thought Susan afterward, replaying every word in her mind, but nothing that might not have passed between any two acquaintances. Uncertain of her position, Susan had shown restraint; but did Louise's geniality reflect, or mask, her true feelings? Susan's gift did not include the power of reading minds.

For two weeks she had no word or sign from Louise. Then one day at dusk, as she saw a pair of young girls walking along the street with their heads together in conversation, Susan was struck by the ambiguity in the relations between women, the existence of a spectrum, of which simple friendliness was only one extreme. A smile, a compliment, a confidence might have its place anywhere on this scale. She began to fear not that Louise ignored the three dreams she had sent, but that she misunderstood them. Women walked together, talked and laughed together, shared food and wine in waking life: acts full of meaning, or with no meaning beyond themselves.

She did not know whether Louise had the capacity to reach the other end of the spectrum.

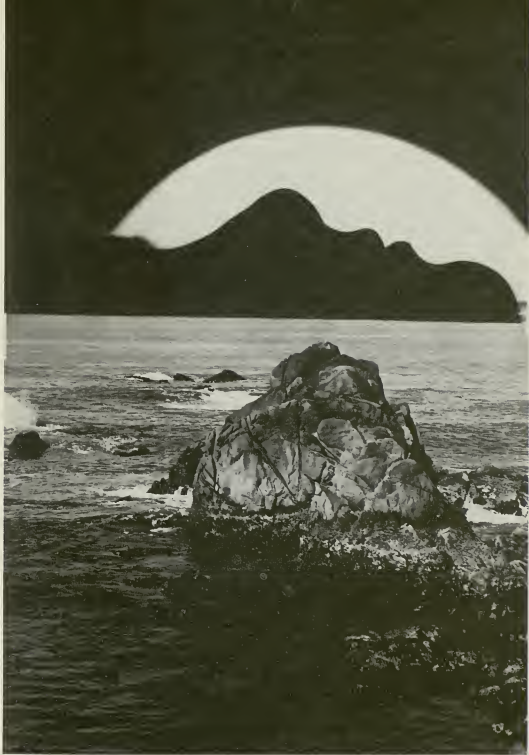
Susan struggled for some weeks longer against an urge to send another, stronger dream. At first she hesitated to invade Louise in this way, possibly to frighten or repel her. But alone one midnight, she acknowledged at last that any dream would appear to the dreamer as the product of her own mind; that there need be nothing, even in this dream, to reveal that it came from another source. The sender of the dream ran no risk of being identified, for even the notion of such a person was beyond those who knew nothing of gifts and powers.

Susan then fashioned a dream that was not at all ambiguous.

They swam naked in a lake, in the middle of a forest, and let themselves be contained and stroked by the water. As they came to stand afterward in the shallows, they joined hands and ran up on the shore. There they embraced, though without kissing, each warmed by the other's body. Susan clasped Louise along the back, and held her by the shoulders, lightly, but with authority. (She trembled as she created this detail.)

At first, for lack of experience, she did not know how to end the embrace. Then, contemplating further the nature of dreams, which admit the random and the arbitrary, she decided to conclude the embrace, and the dream, with the vision of a small token, a dream-souvenir of the encounter. Arbitrarily she chose to display at the very last a small grey stone, hardly more than a pebble, that glinted beneath the surface.

On the day after Susan sent this dream, she went as usual to the diner,



*by Nicole*

and sat at her usual table.

Louise entered in the next minute, as if by design. Full of triumph, Susan waited for her to speak.

"Let's have some coffee," said Louise.

Susan looked over at the waitress, who was at the far end of the counter, her back toward them.

"I'll get her." Louise's face went perfectly still for a moment. The waitress turned rather quickly, came to the table, and took their order.

Sharply observant, attuned to cause and effect, Susan sank and dissolved with shock. She watched as cups were filled and brought to them, unsure what mask covered her confusion. Louise looked tranquil.

They drank.

"The dream you sent me last night," said Louise.

"That I sent?" In panic now, Susan thought of flight. She was exposed, and so broken; everything was finished. She would have to leave this place to bury her disgrace.

Louise reached into her coat pocket and brought out a small grey stone, hardly more than a pebble, that glinted beneath the surface. She studied it, turning it in her fingers, and finally looked up at Susan.

"I'm glad you said what you meant."

"What else was there to say?"

"It was so hard to reach you," Louise continued. "You resisted me for a long time. I was afraid..." She spun the stone slowly on the table.

"You were afraid!" At once the sense of reversal righted itself. In sudden relief, Susan felt herself swept into a dance, a moving pattern in which leader and follower constantly changed places. She could no longer separate will from response, the thought conceived from the thought implanted; and to do so no longer seemed necessary, or even important.

Louise looked calm again. Her moments of uncertainty, Susan sensed, would be rare and short-lived. "Come home with me," she said. "You haven't seen the inside of my house."

As Louise had intended, Susan heard the emphasis on the word "inside." Was there any action, however small, however private, outside the pattern? Still caught up in the dance, she rose and led the way to the door.



# HOW TO MAKE A MAGAZINE

PART TWO ===== BY LAUREL

Last issue we covered the basics of typesetting and layout. Now we can go on to the mysteries of the print shop.

Depending on the number of copies you intend to run, the quality desired, and how much you can spend, you will choose either a paper/plastic plate process or a metal plate process. As there's nothing to the former, I'll concentrate here on metal plates. These must be used for any page you want to print with a half-tone photo.

## The Copy Camera

Most commercial printers have a huge wall-model camera that takes pictures (later to be transferred onto metal plates) of both straight-line copy and half-toned graphics. This piece of equipment is at least a \$2000 investment, so many people who have small presses go to big printers to use the camera and plate-making facilities.

The camera pictured here is a Brown 2000. There are many different kinds of copy cameras with various handy features, but, basically, it is just a very large model of your own hand camera. Half of the camera, where the controls are (shutter, lens focus, exposure timer, half-tone screen rack, etc), has to be in a darkroom and the other half should be outside, in another room.



The copy camera can reduce or enlarge what you've laid out. Generally we reduce by 10%-15% depending on how many good submissions we want to fit in. This issue is reduced to 85% of the original size.



## Graphics

Reductions and enlargements are especially necessary for graphics since you rarely find a picture just the size you need. Your printer should give you a reduction wheel ( or pick one up at a photo supply) which will make it easier to calculate how much a picture needs to be reduced or enlarged.

Once you've calculated the to-be-printed size of your graphic (to the nearest 16th of an inch), you make a "window" for it on the appropriate layout page.

The "window" is made with Rubilith, a red translucent film that can be cut with a cleaner edge than something like construction paper. It is very expensive, so we use red construction paper and border it with red lithographer's tape to get a clean edge. Your window material must be either red or black in order to leave a clear window on the negative produced by the copy camera.

#### Negatives -- Regular and Half-toned

The copy camera exposes film just like any other, but the objective is to make a negative only, not a print. The negatives will be used for the next step, burning the metal plates. Line negatives are shot where only words and line drawings are on the layout page, or a "window" for a to-be-reduced (or enlarged) photo. Half-tone negatives must be shot for any graphics with shading (all except line drawings). If you look at any magazine picture, you'll see that the image is made of tiny dots -- the larger the dots, the darker the image. (We like to use a very fine screen for most of our photos, so that the dots are less obvious.)

The copy camera is made so the operator can easily slip the screen (a glass panel with dots on it) inside the camera where the dots will be photographed over your photograph. They will be larger or smaller depending on how much light is being reflected off the photo you have on the easel.

Line negatives and half-tone negatives are essentially treated alike after this: they go into a developing bath, a stop bath, fixer, and a final wash. It definitely takes practice to do good half-tones though, as there is magic required in getting the right exposure, developing time, chemical strength, etc. The next step after the developed negatives have dried (they're just hung up with clothes pins to drip dry) is the opaquing and stripping process.

Though you wouldn't have to know about opaquing with most commercial printers, some small press people will ask if you want to do it yourself to save money. Any monkey could do it with a little practice. Extra care in the darkroom reduces the amount necessary, but there is always some opaquing to do. Essentially, you brush on red or black fluid to cover any scratches or bubble spots on the negatives. This almost has to be done on a light

table. It's time consuming and a certain pain in the neck, but you may be saving \$10 an hour if you do it yourself.

Similarly, some press shops will allow you to do your own stripping. This is a little more difficult than it sounds, but basically, this is fitting your half-toned negatives into the appropriate "windows" and taping them into place with red or black litho tape. There's an art to this--ask for instructions at the print shop.



*Opaquing*

## Making the Metal Plates

The next step in the process is burning the plates. The negatives are laid on top of what looks to be a sheet of heavy aluminum foil (the metal plate) and put into a vacuum suction glass compartment. The vacuum assures perfect contact of the negative with the metal plate (no air bubbles, slips or slides). The vacuum easel tilts to face an extremely powerful arc lamp which is some distance across the room. For me, visions of the electric chair and shock treatments accompany the extremely high voltage zap necessary to burn the metal plate. It's frightening at first. There's a timer which allows you to leave the room, or at least to turn away while the blinding light is on.



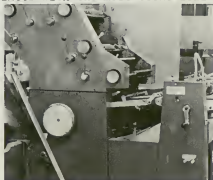
Next the burned plates are developed and fixed, a very simple process which anyone can do with a bit of practice. It doesn't require a darkroom as developing the negatives does, just a couple of chemicals and a flowing water tank for rinse. The metal plates are hung to dry, awaiting the next step, going onto the press. Your original copy or pictures are readily visible, exactly as they will print, on the metal plates now.

## The Press

If you've ever used a mimeo machine you have a simplified but helpful picture of how the press works. The metal plate clamps on like a stencil and curves around a roller. Sections of the metal plate (depending on your image) are water soluble and others repel anything water-based. The water-based ink slides off the parts of the plate which are to be clear white space on your finished page, and sticks to the type and image area in photos.

A really big offset press can print both sides of 8-10 of your pages at once. I don't want to get into the presses here--there's too much to learn --but, if possible, you should find a printer with the most economical press for your needs. The more press operator's time you can save, the better. We've been paying about \$14 per hour, so it is an important consideration.

Another consideration will be ink color. Generally your inside print will be black. If you want a color ink on the cover you'll have to pay for a washup charge on the press. It takes a half hour or so to clean up the mess whenever the pressperson changes the ink color on a press.



Some large presses can run 2 or more colors at once, but, of course, this adds to your cost.

Before the presses start to roll, you must have decided the quality, color, and weight (thickness) of paper you want. Your printer usually can order in bulk, so unless you spot a super deal, it's best to order through them. Same with the cover stock. Choose your color and weight from the printer's samples. Coated stock is usually the most expensive, and it is also more difficult to fold if you're planning to do that part by hand.

Your book will roll off the press either on precut sheets or parent sheets which will later be folded into signatures and collated.

## BINDING

There are many different ways of collating, stapling and trimming your books -- all of which, taken together, is called bindery.

We collated the first two issues of AQ by hand...an incredible thing to do, but our only financial choice at that time. We picked up the 18 separate bundles of pages and the printed cover from the printer and brought it home to a waiting band of women who licked their fingers and began the production-line strut. It took 6 women about 5 hours--30 women hours altogether--to collate 1000 copies. Then we had to staple, fold, and trim them.

When we began printing 3,000 copies we made an arrangement with the printer to let us use the print shop's automatic collator. With a little training and a lot of trial and error, we were able to collate 3,000 in 30 woman-hours.



*Automatic Collator*

We stapled by hand for the first 4 issues --not really by hand, but one copy at a time on an electric saddle stitcher. Easy enough--but boring! Then we had to use real elbow grease to fold each issue flat.

There is another kind of binding, perfect binding, which is much more expensive. This provides a "spine" on your book. The pages are cut and glued together instead of stapled.

AQ grew and the printer's facilities too. We learned how to use new machinery as it came, particularly the automatic stitcher and folder. Now, since moving to Boston and going up to 5,000 copies per issue, we are using a mammoth commercial printer and bindery with automatic everything. It's expensive, but it's a relief to turn over at least part of making the magazine to someone else now. Their super machinery can collate, fold, and trim all in one graceful motion...an elegance we're willing to pay for.

After trimming off the uneven edges caused by folding, your books are ready to spread to your sisters. Next issue we'll finish up with some advice on distribution, the long finger of the IRS and the U.S. Post Office, applying for grants, etc.

(continued from pg. 19)

istic of white men throughout the patriarchal era, and the equation of sex with violence characteristic of all men, combine to form a classic patriarchal body state that has been ( with variations according to culture, time period, even individual differences) the normal way of experiencing for men through all the centuries of the patriarchy (are you tired of that word?).

Here I am still talking about men. What happened to art? Seems it's always easier, and safer, to tear down than to build up--and tearing down as a way of life seems to be addicting. I really didn't set out to do what I've so far done. I didn't mean to attack the man with his own language--I want to write for women for whom I have nothing to prove. And most of all I didn't mean to box myself into categories so tight I can't live in them, yet I can't squeeze out or just forget them either. To describe the left brain I took on its language--to describe the dualism male thinking made possible, I divided the universe into good and bad, women and men. Another chicken/egg--who causes opposites to exist, the patriarchal value system or Gina who uses it to describe how bad it is? I'm so tired of this. I wanted to bring in brain specialization because it is a useful analogy and the same for body states, and after I'd briefly described them I could refer back as a shorthand.

I know though, why I go on writing facts and theories, generalities applicable to all men through all history--I've become my subject-matter, or more likely I started writing this because already I very often inhabited, I'll admit it, the "classic patriarchal body state." I KNOW the boxes I've been constructing all these pages don't work, because I myself don't fit them. I can't ignore that, can I? And yet neither can I ignore the sense the categories of class, sex, race, etc. make in my life. I catch myself thinking wistfully of my seventeenth year, hitchhiking around California perfectly willing to flow with whatever situation the next ride might bring, unformed and category-less--and then I remember some of the actual situations, how I learned quickly to generalize men into one category so I could make the snap decisions necessary to keep from being raped, or from compromising myself, or even from just being bored. All through my three years at a posh art school I couldn't understand why, no matter what I did, I continued to feel isolated--til I began to think in terms of class, and realized I had cut myself off in both directions--no one from my home town could relate to me since I'd gone off to this fancy art school, of all the useless things, and the upper-middle class college community couldn't relate to where I'd come from. Then and now my hurts and unhappiness in relationships come from not understanding quickly enough differences in needs and perceptions--the faster I can identify the boxes that fit, the less pain and confusion. Less friends, too. As I get clearer and able to act more on my perceptions, I recognize more quickly a repetitive or destructive or somehow not-growing pattern in a situation or relationship, and if there's no movement toward understanding I get out. Where I'm at is that I've learned to say No better than I've learned to say Yes.

That's what my difficulty with this writing is about: it's easy for me to

point out that the patriarchy is not only murderous and horrible but ridiculous, that it defines our lives in every way from art to brain structure, that for our survival we women need to stop looking for the exceptional male and start seeing men as the individual agents of the patriarchy they are, whether willing or not--you see, I get carried into it, and by the time I finish I'm saying things I only believe on alternate Tuesdays. It's much harder for me to write about the new-women's-culture building process that may be possible. I know what I say about the culture-that-is holds true, but I risk failure in writing vision, possible failure both of the vision to become reality and of my hopes to hold up in the meantime. Sometimes I can hardly stand to read those few rosy paragraphs at the start of this article because I feel I must have lied if I don't believe it always.

What I want most to write about, what motivated me to start weeks ago, was the possibility of re-defining art into the vital, powerful unifying process I sense that it can become, once taken out of the patriarchal context. I've gone two years without working as an artist, except for occasional bursts of activity that leave me feeling uncomfortable and ambivalent--ambivalent because I'm doing this work in the context of patriarchal "art," with its definitions that don't mesh with my perceptions in any way. In the context of this Culture, practicing art was effete and powerless for me, an empty privilege I could not afford. I want to define art as only women can imagine it, so that the written words can be encouragement and support for me to begin acting out an art process again, in a newly emerging context to which other women could add their experiences and dreams. The risk this involves for me, after planning a year ago that I would write the exorcism/invo-cation this particular summer, that then (now) I would be ready and articulate enough to not frustrate my attempts, that this writing would mark the beginning of a new fruitful cycle of art work for me--the risk tightens my stomach as I write the words. I risk blowing my own mythology; I risk the possibility that the exorcism/invo-cation won't work, and I'll find myself a-drift in old ambivalence with no inspiration; the I-risk list could get very long but won't.

I feel that to exorcise the patriarchy from my body/mind enough to breathe a little around its cancer, I have to reject every detail, going back to the beginning of the patriarchy and the ways men's brains and bodies work. I feel that every exaggeration I make is more than warranted, is helpful, as part of the process of restoring balance in the world. My experience has always been that I've needed to say No many times, to clear a space, before I could say Yes--and so I'm doing with this. And there's more No still to come.

Next issue I'll continue with patriarchal body states and their connections with the role of art in the patriarchy. I'll focus on art of the last 1,000 years and especially the last 100 years, including the present feminist art scenes--and wind on through ways we can use art now for spiritual survival and for building a new culture--eventually getting to possible evolutionary paths into that new world. Sources for this first installment will be listed next time.

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# Letters

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As Amazon Quarterly begins her third year in print, we would especially like to have your views about her growth. Many of you send us love letters after each issue--support we cherish and need. But we would also like specific responses to articles, poems, graphics, etc. We'd like to know what new directions you would like to see AQ take. Also, we'd like to hear how "Connections" has worked for those of you who've participated. Letters can be printed with or without names--just let us know. We do our best to personally answer all correspondence.

Really happy to see that AQ is being printed on recycled paper. I hope that other women send a little to help. (I'd send more, but I'm not working now.)

And hear! hear!! on Laurel's Radical Reproduction article. I've been wanting to see something with info on the subject published -- also it made me realize that being sure of a female conceived isn't so hard as I'd thought, right now.

--Karen

The woman who wrote in issue 3 (volume 2) that there was nothing like this in England was so right. I too am English and am returning there now after a year here in the States. We have so little good stuff to read there. Maybe I can spread the word of AQ to my friends back home.

--Alison, England

I am enclosing \$5 to cover subscription and "brown bagging" for AQ.

I am now living in a small very straight/sexist town in Alabama and have had very little to do here but go to school and think. I've been here 3 months, and 3 months worth of thinking has led me to a lot of realizations about myself as a woman. The most difficult thing for me to have become fully aware of was that I am a Lesbian. And the most difficult thing about this is I have no one to rap with about it. George Wallace, a cow or a chicken just won't do! I'm finding it rough as hell to adjust and am looking forward to getting your journal.

If anyone would like to write to this sister or could tell her about Lesbian groups or individuals near Selma, Alabama, please contact us and we'll put you in touch.

I was most impressed with the double issue--all about your travels and conversations. I was particularly moved by the account of your visit in Chicago where several women were afraid you would not like them because they had never slept with a woman, etc.

That all made me think back on my experiences late last spring and early summer when I began to experience my love for women and all the accompanying joy and hope.

I wish so badly that I could have read AQ then or an article (such as the one I mentioned).

It was a lonely struggle sometimes for me because there were many women who could not put any energy towards me because my awareness wasn't where theirs was. It seemed like being 29, married for 8 years, mother of 2 children, living in suburbia (complete with station wagon with baby seat in back) made me seem hard to believe. I certainly didn't seem to have the qualifying credentials. On the one hand, I was so happy when I was with women--becoming a new person rejoicing in this wonderful love, but very few women took me seriously.

Almost a year later I am a month away from a divorce, I am beginning to live my life and my love for women grows more beautiful each day.

As I read the account of the Chicago visit, I could almost feel those women's relief and happiness at being accepted and cared for by you. They must have become stronger because of the experience.

I can imagine that there are lots of women--like I was last spring--taking those first shaky steps. I hope they are reading AQ. Please keep the doors open--you are helping

so many women.

--Diana, Indiana

Thanks so much for AQ--especially for your section on "How to Make A Magazine." About a year ago we went to having our newsletter printed, but there is so much we don't know. This particular series of articles should be very helpful to women throughout the country.

--Nancy, Missouri

Gay consciousness in Germany is not yet far enough to really produce its own culture. I translated Judy Grahn's poem, "A Woman is Talking to Death," into German to be able to share it with some friends. Finally some poetry to identify with! I translated it one night after I found out that a friend of mine had just gotten raped. I was so angry that I had to put my hate into some work and thusly turn it into something constructive. I am grateful to Judy Grahn for having given me such a constructive outlet to canalize my anger. I got such a good feeling from the poem.

--Barbara, West Germany

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Adrienne Rich won the National Book Award for her book of poetry, *Diving Into The Wreck*. When she accepted the award (April 18, 1974) she read the following statement which she has asked us to print:

*The statement I am going to read was prepared by three of the women nominated for the National Book Award for poetry, with the agreement that it would be read by whichever of us, if any, was chosen.*

*We, Audre Lorde, Adrienne Rich, and Alice Walker, together accept this award in the name of all women whose voices have gone and still go unheard in a patriarchal world, and in the name of those who, like us, have been tolerated as token women in this culture, often at great cost and in great pain. We believe that we can enrich ourselves more in supporting and giving to each other than by competing against each other; and that poetry--if it is poetry--exists in a realm beyond ranking and comparison. We symbolically join together here in refusing the terms of patriarchal competition and declaring that we will share this prize among us, to be used as best we can for women. We appreciate the good faith of the judges for this award, but none of us could accept this money for herself, nor could she let go unquestioned the terms on which poets are given or denied honor and livelihood in this world, especially when they are women. We dedicate this occasion to the struggle for self-determination of all women, of every color, identification, or derived class: the poet, the housewife, the lesbian, the mathematician, the mother, the dishwasher, the pregnant teenager, the teacher, the grandmother, the prostitute, the philosopher, the waitress, the women who will understand what we are doing here and those who will not understand yet; the silent women whose voices have been denied us, the articulate women who have given us strength to do our work.*



## SAVE THE TREES

TREES  
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In the Fall 1973 Special Issue, we asked for women to help us with the extra cost of using recycled paper. We were especially concerned since the trees AQ is printed on are cut down in Canada for use in the U.S. A very kind sister from Canada made it possible to print our last issue (vol.2 #3) on recycled paper by sending the extra \$300 dollars we needed. We hope that her example will lead other women's publications to want to save the trees, and that you will want to send a contribution (however small).

## CONTRIBUTORS

AUDRE LORDE: I live in Staten Island (the most southern part of NYC) and my new book, *New York Head Shop and Museum*, is coming out by Broadside Press in November. [In case that's not enough you can take your pick: I am Black, Woman, Poet, Mother, Teacher, Friend, Lover, Fighter, Sister, Worker, Student, Dreamer, Artisan, Digger of the earth, Secret; also Impatient, Beautiful, Uppity and Fat.] Additional references upon request.

BOBBIE BISHOP: I've recently been published in *Country Women* and *Mosaic's* woman issue (local poetry mag) and am faithfully and falteringly trying to print up my own book of poems this summer. Title: *Voice From an Unknown Woman*. Writing poetry is a lifeline into my spirit, and hopefully connects with other women's.

DIANE DERRICK: Has just returned from a small town in England where she's spent the last 2½ years sculpting. She's now on her way to West Coast adventures in her VW Van. Her sculptures are for sale: contact her through AQ.

ELANA NACHMAN: Lives in rural Massachusetts. Her first novel, *Riverfinger Women*, will be available shortly from Daughters, Inc., Plainfield, VT.

GINA: I'm beginning to enjoy New England after several months of culture shock (I'd always lived in California)--looking forward to romping in the woods once this magazine's out.

KAREN FEINBERG: Lives in Cincinnati, Ohio, and has contributed stories to earlier issues of AQ. Of "The Sender of Dreams" she says, "This story is private fantasy, converted into fiction."

KAYMARION: I read somewhere that the dragon is the Celtic symbol of wisdom. Makes you wonder what St. George was up to.

LAUREL: I'm currently exhausted with all political categories, and looking for new light on the womanvision.

MARTHA COURTOT: Lives in New Jersey.

MARTHA SHELLEY: Lives in NYC where she does a radio program on WBAI. A book of her poetry will soon be published in Berkeley.

MAUD HAIMSON: I live in Oakland, California, and have been working on a novel for three years that I hope will be done by the Fall of 1975.

NICOLE: Just finished school and I'm ready to get going. Freelance right now, but have hopes of working for a women's magazine in the near future. (Would really like to get together with other women who are into photography and/or writing to work on ideas! P.O.Box 4863, San Jose, CA 95159.)

PATRICIA HAMPL: I co-edit *The Lamp in the Spine* (P.O. Box 3372, St. Paul, MN 55165), whose next issue will have excerpts from journals by women writers. I keep a journal myself and find it more and more a valuable companion when poems won't come or when journalism (which I do for a living) comes too much.

SUSAN GRIFFIN: Is 31 years old and lives in Berkeley with her five year old daughter. She teaches writing and literature at the University of California Extension. She has published two volumes of poetry, *Dear Sky* and *Let Them Be Said*. "A Story" will appear in her collection of short stories, *The Sink*, to appear from Shameless Hussy Press in the Fall of 1974. She has just completed a play in poetry for radio with a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, in production at KPFA (Berkeley), and is presently at work on a cycle of poems called "The Tiredness Cycle."

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